



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

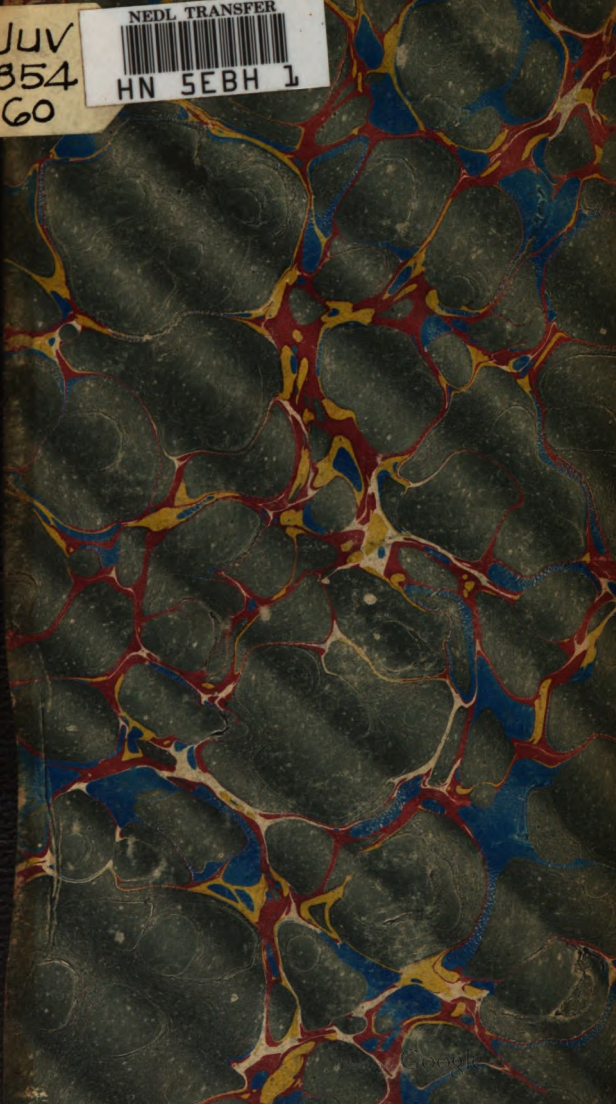
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

JUV
1854
60

NEDL TRANSFER



HN 5EBH 1



Jan-1854.60

✓

KE 1159

Fiction.



*The Gift of
the American
Sunday School
Union,*

The Sad Mistake.



The Warren Family at home.

p. 8.

THE

SAD MISTAKE.



Philadelphia:
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
No. 316 CHESTNUT STREET.
NEW YORK: No. 147 NASSAU ST.....**BOSTON:** No. 9 CORNHILL.
LOUISVILLE: No. 103 FOURTH ST.

✓
June 1854.60

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

1856, May 3.

Gift of

The Amer. S. S. Union.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by the
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.

§3 No books are published by the AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION without the sanction of the Committee of Publication, consisting of fourteen members, from the following denominations of Christians, viz. Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Lutheran, and Reformed Dutch. Not more than three of the members can be of the same denomination, and no book can be published to which any member of the Committee shall object.

THE SAD MISTAKE.

CHAPTER I.

PICTURE OF S—— AND A HOME CIRCLE.

A CHAIN of lofty mountains extends along the edge of a large and beautiful river, forming scenery, but rarely surpassed in loveliness. Receding a little from the shore, the hills curve gracefully back to receive a small stream, which comes dashing down its rocky bed,—as if in haste to be swallowed up by the smooth deep current, that seems quietly to await its coming. Just here where a broad meadow once waved its sea of green, now stands the thriving town of S——.

It is one of the old and steady towns of New England. It has increased in population and wealth since the days of the Puritans; and though never attaining the dignity of a city, has yet greater pretensions than a country

village. To be sure you find a pleasant garden, and a rural cottage here and there, such as you seldom see within the limits of the city; but you also find the paved walks, and regular streets, the modern mansion and stylish architecture, to which the simpler tastes of the neighbouring villagers never aspire.

It is, in fact, the metropolis of the region round about. It is here the steamboat receives its passengers for its daily runs up and down the river. It is here that many go to take the cars as they pause for their living freight, in their flight across the State from day to day. In fact, with many, S—— is a *great* place. What is done in S——, must be right;—what opinions prevail in S——, must rule the neighbouring places;—what is worn in S——, must be the fashion. The doctors there must know much more than those around; the ministers must be much greater preachers; the lawyers more learned; the goods bought there must be much superior.

But it is rather with some of the inhabitants of S—— that we have to do, than with the place. Whatever may be the opinion of others around them, the people there find themselves much like other people in the world. The same hopes and fears, desires and aversions,

which occupy the minds of others—the same toiling industry and frugal economy necessary to gain a livelihood on the part of some—the same lavish expenditure on the part of others—the same anticipations of happiness, and the often dashing of the cup of bliss from the lip, untasted—the tale of love so often told—the sad story of hearts wrung by sorrow and poverty—by sickness and death—by misery and crime—would make the life-picture of homes and hearths in S——, if it could be drawn, so like that of most others, that no one could tell what place had been sitting for its likeness.

But let us leave the general features of the place, and in the study of a few of its inhabitants, see if we may not learn a lesson of some profit.

A few years ago, before all the modern improvements were known in S——, it was a more quiet place than it is now. And in one of its most quiet nooks, was a comfortable and not inelegant house, in which Mr. Warren resided. The finish around the house and little garden betokened taste and a sense of propriety, though not so much of wealth as some others. It was the pleasant abode of a happy family.

Mr. Warren was nearly in his prime. He

was a merchant; and by steady attention to his business had secured for himself and those he loved, many of the comforts and even elegancies of life. He was called a Christian man. His name for honesty and upright dealing was above reproach. His seat in church was always occupied upon the Sabbath, though he was not one of those usually found at the weekly prayer-meeting. In short, Mr. Warren was one among the many persons we are glad to meet,—moral—kind-hearted—good citizens and neighbours,—but still they are known as open professors of Christ, only by their being found at the Lord's table at the season of communion. He seemed to think he had not the requisite command of language to lead in any act of devotion, or to speak a word for his Saviour, either at home or abroad,—though he was not lacking in conversational powers upon other subjects.

Mrs. Warren was an estimable lady. Even the tongue of village gossip could scarcely say any thing against her. Her kindness to the poor and sick was well known, and her influence was felt as a member of society.

Four pleasant and interesting children filled up the family group. At the time to which we refer, Anna, the eldest, was about fourteen

years old. She was a girl of rather more than common maturity of mind for her age—energetic, full of life and ambition. She had something of her mother's kindness of heart, and much of her father's practical good sense and business habit of mind. A casual observer might not have considered her pre-possessing in her appearance, but closer observation would have discovered that she was one destined to exert an influence in the world—to act upon others rather than to be acted on—to lead others rather than to be led. Not that she was bold or forward,—but there was a kind of *determination* in every thing she did, which indicated her peculiar character. She was, moreover, a thoughtful girl; and to no subject, perhaps, did her mind revert oftener than to *religion*.

Trained in a Christian community, early taught to spend her Sabbaths in listening to Divine truth, and from her earliest years accustomed to the teaching of the Sunday-school, it would have been strange if she could always banish serious reflections from her mind. It was not often that she thought *much* about these things; but occasionally a searching sermon, or the death of an acquaintance, would lead to an hour of solemn medita-

tion ; and the truth that she was neither prepared to live or to die, would come home to her mind with a power which made her flee from thought, and run heedlessly to the gay sports of youth. But whatever her *feelings* were upon this subject, her lips were sealed.

Anna had a brother some three years younger than herself. In some families Lee Warren would have been a head-strong, turbulent boy ; but Mr. Warren maintained pretty good discipline, and his mother held an influence over him which seldom permitted him to run into acts of positive disobedience. But when he had an end to accomplish, he was persevering in his efforts, and often gained the advantage even where principles were involved.

Willy—the fun-loving, mirth-beaming boy of nine—was as a ray of sunshine all over the house. And Alice—the sweet little Allie—though five years old, was the baby yet. The pet of the family, to them she seemed never to be growing old. But there was a depth of thought and feeling about the child, that rendered her peculiarly attractive ; and a stranger while he felt that she was a lovely child, might think also there was something almost unnatural in her manner.

We have said, this was a happy family ; and

it was called a Christian family, though the voice of prayer was not heard morning or evening around the family altar. The Sabbath was outwardly observed, meetings attended, and the semblance of a Christian influence preserved. But in one respect, there was a great mistake made by these parents. They did not make religion a *familiar* subject with their children. They were careful themselves to act, in the main, upon Christian principles. They professed those principles themselves, saw their beauty, realized their sustaining power in their application to life's duties; but they forgot that their children did not love them, and they failed to impress upon their minds the divine characteristics of our holy religion, by daily familiar conversation and illustration. They did not refer to this as the governing principle of their lives, and that by which they wished their children to be actuated.

Questions of duty were not settled by reference to it. Matters of discipline were not regulated by it. Religious instruction was not imparted personally, but by proxy. And the parents were too easily satisfied if the Sunday-school or Bible lesson was learned, without asking if the mind was enlightened, or the heart impressed. Sermons and ministers were

talked about enough, but it was with literary criticisms, rather than for a religious improvement. When they were small, Mrs. Warren would sometimes take a little one by the hand, and kneeling alone with it, implore the divine blessing upon it. But when they grew larger, she lacked the requisite courage, and so satisfied her conscience by praying *for* them, rather than with them. Her children did not know that she sought a blessing in secret for them; and Anna often wondered, if her soul was so much in danger, why her father and mother seemed to care so little about it. A few times her father had, with solemn earnestness, spoken to her of her eternal welfare, but failing to obtain a response, he soon changed the subject. He little knew that when he struck that chord, it vibrated through her whole being, and made her speechless,—not from want of feeling, but because of feeling.

In truth, Mr. and Mrs. Warren were as ignorant of the true nature of Anna's religious impressions, as though she had been a stranger. They had made the sad mistake of failing to gain her confidence on this momentous subject. Alas! that so many worthy Christians of the present day, commit the same sad error! It is a crying evil in the church of

Christ. Parents delay making the first efforts during the early period of childhood, and soon find that it seems too late to make a beginning. They lose confidence in themselves, and feel ashamed to commence, if they have any feeling about it. In the days of old, before children enjoyed the great privileges they now have, the study of the Bible was left almost entirely to the direction of parents. They felt this responsibility; and in making an effort to communicate knowledge, they exhibited their feelings and sentiments, and an opportunity was afforded for an exchange of sympathies. Does it not yet remain to be proved, that children are not often anxious to hold confidential and sympathetic intercourse with their Christian friends in regard to their religious feelings?

CHAPTER II.

THE EARLY DEAD EARLY SAVED.

"MOTHER," said little Alice, as she skipped into the house from school one day, "Jennie Day is dead."

"Jennie Day, my child! What makes you think so?"

"Sarah Morgan said so just now. She said she was dead. What is death, mother?"

"Why don't you remember, Alice, when your kitten died? How it was sick a little while—then lay down and shut its eyes, and was stiff and cold—and you said it wasn't good for any thing any more?"

"Oh yes, mother, and then Lee carried it away! Is Jennie dead like that?"

"Yes, my dear. If she is dead she will never play any more with you. But perhaps it is not true, so never mind about it now."

In truth Alice showed so much sensitiveness upon all such subjects, that Mrs. Warren rather

chose to divert her attention. But she was more serious than usual that day, and by informing others that Jennie Day was dead, she kept up the remembrance of it in her own mind. She had often been told that when she died, if she was good, she should go to heaven, but no real idea had ever attached itself to these words, except that she must be good.

That evening, as Mrs. Warren was preparing to go to the prayer-meeting, she said to Anna, "I wish, Anna, you would go to meeting this evening."

"What kind of a meeting is it," coolly asked the daughter?

"A prayer-meeting," she replied, "but our prayer-meetings are very interesting now,"—she added, hesitatingly, not knowing whether this would be a source of attraction or repulsion.

"I wish Mr. Mason would *preach*," said Anna, "the prayer-meetings are so dull."

"Mr. Mason thinks it is better for the church to have some prayer-meetings. But you have not been for some time; perhaps they would not seem so dull now."

"But I must learn my lessons to-night. I don't see how I can go."

"Would you not contrive some way to get along, if you wanted to go to a concert?"

"Well, mother, if you are afraid to go alone I will go with you, but I shall go to sleep I am sure."

Mrs. Warren was not afraid to go the short distance to the place of meeting; but acquiescing in this rather ungracious consent, she delayed for Anna to prepare.

There was something more than the usual interest in the church at S—— at this time. It could not be called a *revival* so far as those out of the church were concerned, but the work of the Lord was revived in the hearts of his own people. The meetings were better attended; there was more of prayer, more of humility, more of Christian intercourse one with another. Preaching seemed more pointed; the edge of truth was more than usually sharp, and there were a few who had felt its power, who were not reckoned among the followers of the Lamb.

Many hoped that the Spirit of God was indeed among them, and were looking and praying for great results. Mrs. Warren had felt very anxious that Anna should be brought under these softening influences, and for this reason had urged her attendance at the meeting.

Why, as they walked together to that prayer-meeting, did she not press upon her beloved daughter the duty of personal attention to the matter of religion? Oh, the inconsistency of human nature! Her heart was full of this theme, but her lips spoke only of other and comparatively trifling things.

When the meeting closed, Mrs. Warren and Anna walked in silence away from the solemn place, with emotions unknown to each other. In a few minutes they overtook Mrs. Morgan and her daughter Ellen, a young professor of religion some eighteen years of age. As Ellen fell back to walk with Anna, Mrs. Warren inquired of Mrs. Morgan; "Is it true that little Jennie Day is dead? Alice said Sarah told her so, and I suppose you will know the truth of the report."

"Oh yes," replied Mrs. Morgan. "She died with the croup this morning after a few hours' illness."

"Is it possible! I could scarcely believe it could be so, for I saw her only yesterday as bright and beaming as ever."

"I held her in my arms when she died. And, Mrs. Warren, it seemed like holding a little angel, indeed. Such a death scene I never saw. The dying child was the com-

forter of her disconsolate parents. Mrs. Day is so feeble, that I thought it would kill her to see Jennie die. But she just spread her wings and fluttered a little, panting for the skies; and then you could almost see her on her upward flight, and hear the heavenly music; for she seemed to bring heaven down to earth. And even her parents could not murmur, for she seemed so ready to go, that it would have been cruel indeed to detain her."

"But how does Mrs. Day bear it, now that she begins to realize her loss? Her only child! Oh, what an affliction!"

"It is indeed. But she seems to 'lean on the arm of her beloved,' and both she and Mr. Day have bowed with Christian-like submission to the stroke. Oh, Mrs. Warren, I wish there were more such Christian mothers as Mrs. Day! She has been a pattern for us all."

"In what respect is she peculiar, Mrs. Morgan?"

"In the faithful religious instruction of her children. Her little girl, the dear little Jennie was, I believe, a renewed and regenerated child, and is now, I have no doubt, in Abraham's bosom."

"Do you believe in such early conversions

Mrs. Morgan? I always have hope in the death of a young child, but I have never seen any reason to suppose them converted, like older persons."

"I think, Mrs. Warren, that mothers make a great mistake in not labouring for the conversion of their children in early years. For my part, I feel anxious about them from the time they begin to distinguish between good and evil."

Both were busy with their own reflections and they had walked on in silence for some time, when Mrs. Morgan inquired in an under tone, "What is the state of Anna's feelings upon the subject of her own salvation? She is certainly old enough to be impressed with the truths of the gospel."

"I really do not know, Mrs. Morgan. Perhaps I am to blame in this respect. I hope she is not totally indifferent, but she is not communicative, and I scarcely understand her."

"May I not venture to suggest, Mrs. Warren, that it might do her much good just at this time to talk freely with her."

"Perhaps it would, and I hope you will pray for us, Mrs. Morgan. Good-night."

They had reached their home, and Mrs.

Morgan stepped within the gate; both Ellen and Anna lingered behind, and seemed earnestly engaged in conversation, or rather Ellen seemed so, and Anna was an attentive listener.

Mrs. Warren and Anna walked silently to their home, and Anna soon retired to her chamber. Mrs. Warren wished to tell her husband that night of her feelings in regard to Anna; but they were never much in the habit of holding religious intercourse, and the conversation did not turn easily in that direction, and so the opportunity passed by.

"Mother," said little Alice the next day, "may I go to Jennie's funeral? All the little girls in our class are going to sit around her coffin, without any bonnets on, and wear white dresses with black ribands on their sleeves, and ride in a carriage, too."

"Why, Alice, who told you so?" said her mother, quite surprised; for Alice had never been to a funeral, and knew nothing of the ceremonies of one.

"Anna said so, and she said Miss Kingsbury told her to have me come, too."

Miss Kingsbury was the Sunday-school teacher of these little girls, and Mrs. Warren now understood this to be some arrangement

designed to show respect to the memory of the departed one, and readily granted her request.

The little white sleeves were looped up with black, and Mrs. Warren accompanied Alice to Mr. Day's at the appointed time. She was quite exhilarated, feeling that somehow she had a part to act, though still somewhat checked by the constantly recurring, though only half-comprehended idea that Jennie Day was dead. But when she came to the house, and found the darkened rooms filled with weeping friends, and saw the little coffin on the table, and a circle of the little Sunday-school girls around it, she clung to her mother almost in terror, till Miss Kingsbury came to her, and whispering a few words, led her to the coffin to see Jennie. She gazed a moment, then threw herself weeping into Miss Kingsbury's arms, who seated herself and held the sobbing child through the services.

That beautiful though lifeless face and form, long haunted the memory of many who saw it that day like a vision. But, perhaps, on the mind of no one, was so abiding an impression left, as on that of Alice Warren. It was her first idea of death.

The ride in the carriage to the grave was not enjoyed as was anticipated; indeed, Alice

hardly knew where they carried her, as Miss Kingsbury with her little charge in the carriage with her, endeavoured to improve the death of their classmate by talking to them about death, and heaven, and a blessed Saviour who loved little children.



CHAPTER III.

LIGHT AMID DARKNESS.

WHAT makes the heart or home so desolate, as to have one of its treasures taken from the sight and buried under the clods of the valley? Yet terrible as death is to the living at any time, it seems armed with a double sting when a loved form is stricken down suddenly from among us.

We sometimes watch by a bed of lingering sickness and suffering, till we feel it would be almost a privilege to close the eyes in their last long slumber. When hope is past, and to live is but agony, even selfish love will pray, "It is enough; give him rest in the grave." But when the icy fingers of death secretly congeal the heart's warm life-current—when the face becomes marble, the eye-lids droop, and the faded form is hidden from our sight, ere we have awakened to a realization of the presence of the King of terrors—the stoutest heart

will faint under the first overwhelming sense of solitude and desolation in the bereaved family circle.

Such were some of the solemn circumstances connected with the death of Jennie Day. After the last sad scene was over, the stricken mourners returned alone to their home, and in the bitterness of their grief, wrote themselves childless. But in the calmness and solitude of the autumn evening which followed the funeral, better thoughts came to them; the Spirit of grace rested upon them, and they were enabled to say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." Mrs. Day in feeble health was reclining upon the sofa, and with aching head and heart had been conversing for some time, when her affectionate husband pressing his hand soothingly upon her burning brow, reminded her how necessary it was for her own sake, that she should seek for quiet and repose.

"We should not forget," said he, "though God has, indeed, withered our gourd, in which we trusted, that he has left us many other blessings for which we should be grateful."

"I know it. But I can see nothing, think of nothing to-night but our dear child. Still there is one thing for which I cannot be too

thankful. It is my greatest comfort *now*, that we were enabled to consecrate her to God unreservedly in her infancy. I rejoice that she was thus given away, and that we were permitted to pray a few years for her. I hope those prayers were answered. I think we have evidence that they were."

"The same evidence was given us," said Mr. Day, "as that afforded by older persons, of their conversion. But have you thought, dear Mary, that possibly it might be by virtue of that very dedication to the Lord, that she has been taken from us. We gave her to Him, and he has taken her."

"We little knew what would be the answer to our prayers for her, but I cannot regret even now that I know the result."

"Oh, no! let it not prove to have been a half-hearted consecration. Except for our selfish enjoyment, the result is the same, whether manifested now or in many years from this time. Then let us trust that, though our little Jennie 'is not,' God has taken her; and think of her as our angel child, and go about life's duties with unwavering confidence, that God will hear and answer prayer."

So Faith plumed her wings and soared aloft

to heaven. And heavenly peace reigned in that house.

The next day brought the sympathizing pastor, Mr. Mason, to the house of grief. O! how refreshing to the servant of God, to find those among his people to whom he can talk of spiritual things, and know that his words are appreciated, and feel his own soul strengthened, by witnessing the faith of others. Such was this pastoral visit at Mr. Day's. He came with a heavy heart, expecting to find the bereaved ones bowed down like a bulrush; but he left rejoicing that there is a power in religion to support the soul in the deepest waters of affliction. Another lesson, too, was impressed upon his mind by that Christian mother. It was to labour more, and to labour in livelier faith for the conversion of children.

"O!" said Mrs. Day to him, "she was a child of covenant love, and she is 'not lost, but gone before.' She was a lamb of the flock, and Jesus the great Shepherd has taken her up, to bear her in his bosom. I will not complain that her tender feet have been spared the trial of treading the thorny way of life. But who could endure such a stroke, who has no hope that the departed one was renewed in heart by God's grace?"

Mrs. Morgan had been as an earthly, ministering angel, during this scene of affliction. She was a woman of kindred spirit with Mrs. Day, though considerably her senior. Mrs. Day looked up to her as to a mother, and she prized her intercourse with her young friend, feeling that Mrs. Day's ardent piety and glowing zeal enkindled her own. She, too, called at Mrs. Day's the day after the funeral, to tell her that Ellen would come and spend a few days with her till she recovered her usual strength. This was so like Mrs. Morgan's usual consideration, that it seemed to her a matter of course. But the mourning mother was quite overcome with her tenderness and thoughtful care; and in the mingled emotions of grief and hope, she felt that there was nothing purer on earth than Christian sympathy.

But we must leave the house of mourning, and hasten to become better acquainted with the Morgans. Mrs. Morgan was a Christian woman, and her's was a Christian family. But still there were some features in the government of her family so unlike that of Mr. Warren, that we cannot forbear presenting the contrast. For five years Mrs. Morgan had been a widow. Her husband had been an intimate

friend of Mr. Warren. They had done business together. They had met for years in the same place of public worship, and, by the world, were alike reckoned Christians. Mr. Morgan, however, had early determined to carry his religion into the every-day affairs of the world; and from the first years of his married life, had cultivated entire freedom upon religious subjects in the domestic circle. To Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, the conversion of their children never ceased to be a subject of the deepest interest.

Ellen, the oldest, we have already met, and found her striving to follow the example of her parents, in personal efforts for the good of others.

Charles was now in his seventeenth year, giving promise of much usefulness, but still not an avowed Christian. He was a student; and it was the daily prayer of his mother and sister, that he might be inclined to devote himself to the service of God. Charles was an affectionate brother; and the death of his father when he was nearly twelve, had led him to make an endeavour to fill his place to his mother. She sometimes wondered at herself, that she was ready to lean so much upon him. But as year after year passed by, she began to

realize that he would soon take his place among the men of his day; and she trembled when she reflected that his feet had not yet been planted upon the rock—Christ Jesus.

Charles was not very robust; and there had always been something peculiar about the turn of his mind, which led him to be an object of much solicitude to his mother—physically and mentally. While he was characterized by strength of intellect, he had also a habit of metaphysical speculation. He was never satisfied with an ordinary examination of any thing, but must always seek the why, and the wherefore. This disposition manifested itself strongly in regard to religious subjects; and in the frequent home conversations was so often developed, that Mrs. Morgan sometimes feared for the result. She was well aware of the state of his mind, and knew him to have been the subject of deep conviction for sin, at many different times. Indeed, she felt that he was seldom free from the strivings of the Spirit of God. His Bible was much studied, and he seemed to be constantly seeking for the way of life. But he never could “see *how* he was to believe on Christ,” nor what was meant by “giving himself away to Him.” When pressed to make an immediate surrender of himself to

God, he was ever ready to excuse himself from personal duty, because he had "no feeling," and could not "see how he could obtain it." He had long been in this state of mind. Sometimes when depressed by bodily weakness, he would spend hours upon his mother's lounge conversing upon these and kindred subjects. But her faith was strong, that Satan would not be allowed to triumph, and she wrestled much in prayer for him at the throne of grace.

The only other member of this family was the little Sarah, some nine or ten years old. Mrs. Morgan had been called to part with two of her children between Sarah and Charles. One had died in infancy, the other when about four years old. It might have been that when, in conversation with Mrs. Warren, she spoke so feelingly of her sense of a mother's duty to her young children, that her own thoughts were upon her little Edward, whom she laid years ago in his grave. Undoubtedly she sympathized more deeply with Mrs. Day for having herself tasted of the bitter waters.

The power to enter into the griefs of others is often purchased at the expense of suffering; but it is a precious gift of Providence to fallen

man, that he has the capacity to weep with those who weep; for it is often all that seems left to cheer, and comfort, and console, when the cherished things of life have taken wings and fled away, depriving us of the very sunshine, and leaving all dark and drear.



CHAPTER IV.

THE HIPPODROME.

WE have before alluded to the more than usual attention which had been given to the preaching, and other religious services in Mr. Mason's church. Charles Morgan was deeply interested in the movement, and continually attended the meetings; it may be with a sort of secret hope, that he should suddenly find himself changed in his feelings and purposes—in some way he knew not how—and by some power he knew not what.

His mind continued dark for several weeks, although the religious interest increased, and others seemed disposed to press into the kingdom of heaven. He held frequent and earnest conversations with his mother, and together they often bowed in prayer, and wept at the footstool of mercy. But Charles could find no peace in believing. He went often to see Mr. Mason, and freely conversed with him, till his

pastor said he could not see what was keeping him back from becoming a Christian. But a conversation with his mother one day revealed to her, and perhaps to Charles himself, what it was that so long hindered him.

She had been pressing upon him the duty—the necessity of immediate submission to God, and he had met her with his oft repeated objections and inquiries, and had even gone beyond his usual queries and started some which savoured so much of skepticism and infidelity that his mother became alarmed. But he soon convinced her that these topics really caused him less difficulty than she supposed.

“I often,” said he, “talk in this way, because I do not know what to say. But there is one thing mother, which does trouble me. I feel afraid that if I should become a Christian, I might think it my duty to become a minister of the gospel.”

“I hope so, my son. It has always been my ardent desire that you should be.”

“Hope so, mother! What will become of you and my sisters, if I should not hereafter be able to help you along in this world?”

“Oh, my son, that does not trouble me!

We shall be provided for in some way as we always have been."

"But mother it has been my greatest desire, since father died, to relieve you in a great measure. Our little patrimony is fast wasting away; and, without some income, your old age may yet suffer for many things. If I study law, I think in a few years I might help you a good deal; but if I have to go through a theological course, I should be a consumer for years, and, perhaps, never be able to return what I must expend."

"I know it Charles," said his mother, "but you must leave all these things to the future direction of Providence. Your great business now is, to seek your Saviour's face. Oh, let me beg of you once more, to suffer nothing to divert you from this one great object. Present duty is always paramount, and a fear for the future is no excuse for your neglect of it."

In such conversations as these, Mrs. Morgan and Charles had often engaged, and of late more frequently than ever. After them Mrs. Morgan generally spent a long season in prayer, and on this occasion could only find relief in casting all her burden upon the Lord. In his mother's heart, Charles had been consecrated to the sacred ministry from his birth, though she had

never before so plainly expressed her desire in the matter, from a knowledge of the waywardness of human nature. She feared he might contract a repugnance to this holy calling, and it was only in her communings at a mercy-seat, that she had given expression to the desire of her heart.

It was now plain to her mind, that the true reason of Charles' failure in duty was, as he had avowed, a fear that he should feel constrained to enter the ministry, and her anxiety was doubled on his account. She sought an early opportunity of communicating to her pastor her opinion on this subject, for the time had now come that silence would no longer be justifiable. It was a turning point in his life, and Mrs. Morgan's interest became intense in his behalf. She could scarcely go about her ordinary avocations. She solicited the prayers of a few Christian friends in his behalf, and gave herself no rest by day or by night. His sister Ellen, too, held unreserved intercourse with him, and strove with a sister's power to lead him to Jesus.

But it was a great struggle for him. He was ambitious, and the world beckoned him on. He was desirous of ease, wealth and fame, and the Christian ministry seemed too self-denying.

This subject proved a great stumbling-block to him. Weeks passed by and his serious impressions seemed rather to decrease.

The meetings had been multiplied in number to accommodate those who wished to attend, and many of Charles' associates professed to have obtained a hope in Christ; but he still lingered at the threshold of the kingdom, and almost turned back entirely to the world.

In conversation with his mother one day, their remarks turned upon amusements, when Charles said, "I have wanted, mother, for some time past to ask your opinion about some popular amusements. How far do you think they are allowable?"

"Just so far, my son, as they are consistent with Christian principles and duties."

"But, mother, I am not a Christian you know, so that rule would not do for me."

"I think, Charles, you are mistaken there. That you do not regulate your life according to the precepts of religion, is no proof that you ought not to do so. The same rules are binding on you as on me. The distinction in this respect between a professor and a non-professor, is one of man's making, not God's. But to what do you refer?"

“Oh, I had in mind dances, theatres, circuses, and the like!”

“I should be very sorry, Charles, to have you desire to go to such places.”

“That I know, mother, very well, and I have always been satisfied with simply knowing that you disapproved of them; but will you tell me *why* you consider them so injurious for those making no pretension to piety?”

“For the same reasons, Charles, that they are injurious to Christians. They unfit the mind for proper attention to religious truth, as much in the one case as in the other. But you know very well the common reasons given for refusing to mingle in such scenes, and there is something else upon your mind.”

“Well, I was led to think upon this, by a notice which I saw to-day of a new performance which is to be in town. I find that almost all my young friends are going to attend, and I thought I should like to go, if you do not object.”

“What is it?”

“It is called the hippodrome, though I suppose it more resembles the circus than any thing else. But it is considered, they say, much more respectable.”

This explanation carried only sorrow to the heart of Mrs. Morgan. She had begun to fear that Charles's impressions of divine truth were wearing away, and she felt that if he yielded to this seductive folly it might seal his fate for eternity.

After a moment's pause, and a silent looking up for assistance, she resolved to deal very faithfully with him and await the result.

"I must say, Charles, that I entirely disapprove of your attending such a place. The managers of such exhibitions, are usually unprincipled men of loose morals, and they carry a bad influence wherever they go, and the less you breathe in such an atmosphere, the better you will be, morally and spiritually. I certainly would not object to your enjoying any rational amusement. But you would turn with horror from a bull-fight or a gladiatorial show, and would wonder that men could so trifle with human life. How then could you enjoy a scene where the actors are so liable to accident and death? It seems barbarous to me."

"But they say, mother, that many of the first people of other places attend, and even professors of religion, too."

"But this is told of them to their reproach."

"If they permit their children to go, there Even . . ."

are many to comment upon it, and by this 'the way of truth is evil spoken of.' But I have just two more reasons why I do not wish you to go to this performance. One is, that from your infancy you have been consecrated to the service of God, and now I cannot consent to have this covenant dissolved by your openly mingling in worldly amusements. You have been given to God, to be his servant, and if the gift is to be taken back it must be by your own rash hand. Oh, Charles, it was a solemn responsibility which your parents assumed when they consecrated you to the service and glory of God; the responsibility now devolves upon you to ratify that solemn act. Will you be the Lord's servant is now the great question of your life?

"My other reason is, that just now this question is pressed upon your conscience with unusual power, and the Holy Spirit has been striving with you. I very much fear, my son, that one evening spent in such a scene of folly, might lead the heavenly dove to take its flight, and leave you in your sins. Oh, Charles! cherish the heavenly visitor, I beg of you. Fear to grieve Him, lest you be left to fill up your measure of iniquity, and never, *never* know the blessedness of those whose sins are forgiven!

Mrs. Morgan's solemn earnestness made a deep impression upon Charles, and he felt no further disposition to mingle in the scene of folly and revelry which had tempted him so much.



CHAPTER V.

THE CONTRAST—THE MEEK SUFFERER.

WE have alluded to the different modes of religious government pursued in the two families of the Morgans and the Warrens. This cannot, perhaps, be better illustrated in one respect, than by observing the manner in which the affair of the hippodrome was considered by the Warrens.

On the same day in which the dialogue occurred between Mrs. Morgan and Charles, as we have just related it, Lee Warren came home from school with a firm determination to see the performance, and immediately addressed his mother upon the subject. She answered him by a reference to his father—who no sooner came home to dinner, than Lee inquired :

“Have you seen the advertisement of the hippodrome, father?”

“I have, my son, and do not think very

well of it. It seems to me much the same as a common circus."

"But, father, all the boys of our school are going!"

"Will Charles Morgan go?"

"He said this morning he thought he should."

"But, my son, I do not like to have you go to such places. There is never any thing good learned there, and you can scarcely avoid much that is evil."

But, as usual, Lee persevered in his entreaties, and by presenting the matter first in one light, and then in another, he finally succeeded in overcoming his father's scruples, and gained his consent!

If Mr. Warren thought of the matter in a *religious* light, he did not speak of it thus to his son; and, of course, no impression was made for good upon his mind. Many a one wondered that Mr. Warren would permit Lee to go to such a place. They knew nothing of the father's secret anxiety about him, but all saw the effects of his weakness.

The winter months were passing away, and many in Mr. Mason's congregation, it was hoped, had chosen the better part. Mr. Mason had long been a faithful pastor in S——. He

was known as an excellent man, and a gifted preacher; but his great charm was his devoted piety. Wherever he went he carried an influence in favour of the gospel. But this was the first harvest with which his labours had been blessed. He was indefatigable in his efforts to do good, and was striving, in season and out of season, for the welfare of society. He was anxious that impressions made at this critical time, might not be lost. He had been very anxious for the youth of his charge; and among others, the families of the Warrens and the Morgans had not been forgotten.

With Charles Morgan he had many interesting interviews; but from his conversations with Anna Warren, he could derive but little satisfaction. He sometimes thought he could detect unusual seriousness in the expression of her face during the meetings. She was always there; and sometimes the moistened eye would betray a conscience ill at ease. But when he followed up such impressions by a pastoral visit, she was unapproachable. She would answer his queries as briefly as possible, or even meet them in silence, and offered no confidence in return.

Lee and Willie, though old enough to realize the importance of such subjects, scarce gave

them a passing thought. Mr. and Mrs. Warren were not without anxiety, when they saw their children were so indifferent to their own salvation. They had prayed for them, and waited for an answer to their prayers. Would they not have thought it folly for a husbandman to pray for an abundant harvest, when he had neglected to cultivate his field, and refused to sow the seed? Spiritual seed must be sown in faith, and watered with tears and prayers, if we would see it springing up, and bearing fruit unto life eternal.

This truth was remarkably impressed upon Mr. Mason's mind, by his experience during this revival. He had no children of his own; but when he saw how evidently the labours of pious parents were rewarded, he wondered that any one bearing the sacred name, could fail in duty to his offspring.

Regarding Mr. and Mrs. Warren as among the best of his people, Mr. Mason was not a little surprised at the want of feeling exhibited in the family. He finally sought an explanation from the parents, and to his surprise and grief, found them entirely ignorant of the real state of Anna's mind; and not making that effort to impress their other children, which he had confidently expected from them.

The truth is,—though no one but herself had known it—that Anna had been deeply affected by the services on which she had attended. The Spirit of God had often striven with her; but she had resisted his influence. She wondered much that so little had been said personally to her; and yet, when she was approached, was reserved and forbidding. And so the winter passed by, and a precious opportunity of embracing the Saviour was lost to her. Opportunities for improvement and usefulness were unheeded by her. She refused to yield to the Spirit of God, and he left her to herself, though in infinite mercy she was not entirely forsaken.

But who can say, that if Anna had been accustomed to express her feelings and thoughts with freedom, she might not at this time have been led to the Saviour? She thought she wanted to be a Christian, and no one showed her the deception of her heart. She imagined she was waiting for God, when in truth God was graciously waiting for her. But no one had found the avenues to her heart, nor gained an entrance there, or perhaps they might have led her wandering steps in the right way, and brought her to Jesus.

Blessed privilege! Committed first of all

to her dearest earthly friends, but neglected by them, they risked her immortal soul, and lost the blessedness of being the instrument of saving a sinner from death, and that, too, a beloved and gifted daughter!

But Anna was not deserted. There was some sincerity in her desire to know the truth, and a friend was provided for her, though her natural guides had been so faithless to their trust. This was her teacher—Miss Kingsbury—whom we met as the Sunday-school teacher of little Alice.

Miss Kingsbury—at that time a teacher in the academy—was a daughter of suffering and sorrow. In her earliest years she had known comfort and elegance in a father's house. But he died, and her mother was left with two daughters to make her own way through the world. Her father had been in business with his brother; and in the settlement of their affairs it was found that there was nothing left for the widow and fatherless ones. Mrs. Kingsbury sank under the double blow, and for many months was a miserable invalid. Many suspected fraud, and urged legal redress. But the widow had neither means to obtain it, nor strength to endure what it would cost her in feeling.

After it became certain that they must leave

their home, and Mrs. Kingsbury had in a measure regained her strength, they removed to another place, and obtained a slender living by boarding the students of a literary institution. When about thirteen years of age, the oldest daughter died, and Mrs. Kingsbury and Mary were left alone. But friends were raised up for them, and Mary had the opportunity of gaining an education, and faithfully did she improve it. Mrs. Kingsbury having striven for many years to bear up under her burden of loneliness and sorrow, gradually sunk beneath the load; and before she had quite finished her educational course, Mary found herself under the necessity of supporting both herself and her invalid mother. She obtained a situation in a private family as a governess.

Mrs. Kingsbury's health being entirely gone, the little home establishment was broken up, and a boarding-place secured for her. Five years run their weary round before the patient sufferer found rest in death; and they were years of anxious toil to Mary. After a short time of trial and experience in a private family, she commenced teaching in a female seminary, where she remained till she closed her mother's eyes in death.

Wearied and exhausted, friendless and

alone, Mary found her only comfort in the consolations of religion, and the sympathies of kind acquaintances. Released for a season from the arduous duties of her station, she accepted the invitations of her friends, and gained rest and repaired in some measure her overtaken constitution. But with a feeling of independence which no one could blame, she had returned to her vocation, and accepted a situation in the academy of S—— before her health was sufficiently restored. She was much beloved by her pupils, and was fast gaining the confidence of all who knew her. As her sorrowful history became known, new friends cheered her loneliness; and she pursued her way, uncomplainingly fulfilling the duties of her station with faithfulness, and labouring to do good to all around her. Many predicted an early grave for her; and she herself felt that whatever she did, must be soon done. She was patient and cheerful amid all her trials, though her hours of solitude witnessed many a struggle to attain resignation to her sad lot, and confiding trust for her future support. But her faith leaned on the promises. Hope and peace cheered her on, and she gained happiness in the performance of duty.

Such is true piety. A heavenly exotic

blooming most sweetly under the crushing tread of sorrow, adversity, self-denial and affliction ; giving comfort, and cheering on the suffering one when earthly joys and pleasures cease to soothe, and the heart turns from that which only mocks the wretchedness of wo.



CHAPTER VI.

A MISTAKE DISCOVERED.

THERE are not many institutions of learning where the intercourse between teachers and scholars is any thing more than the giving and receiving instruction on literary subjects. A strong moral and religious influence may, indeed, pervade all such instructions; but circumstances are generally supposed to preclude much more than that, especially, where pupils are only under the teacher's eye during school hours and in a school-room.

Miss Kingsbury found that it took her a long time thoroughly to understand the character of her pupils so as to adapt her endeavours to their individual benefit; and, perhaps, of all the young ladies under her charge no one baffled her more than Anna Warren. She was an excellent scholar, and usually very correct in her deportment; and beyond this many

teachers would not have felt it necessary to take much thought. But Miss Kingsbury looked at her pupils in the light reflected from eternity, and felt as much anxiety to find them preparing for another life as for this. Her interest in her pupils was much increased during the winter of the revival, by finding one and another convinced of sin, and afterward, as she hoped, becoming subjects of grace. As fast as such cases became known to her, she sought from the first, to obtain an influence over them of a more direct and confidential nature than had ever before existed between them.

She had several times endeavoured to draw Anna Warren into an expression of feeling upon the subject of religion, but invariably failed. At last, becoming well satisfied from observation, that Anna was indeed *thinking*, she one day wrote her a short note and handed it to her when leaving school, in which she besought her to attend at once to the affairs of her immortal soul.

To this she received no answer; but if she had known the tears which Anna wept over it, and the tender feeling which sprung up in her heart, as she thought of her faithful teacher, she would have been encouraged indeed. But

Miss Kingsbury perceived something in Anna's manner, which led her to persevere in her efforts; and, with a full heart, she wrote another letter to her, which completely unlocked the door to Anna's confidence.

She soon received an answer which confirmed her view of her feelings, and after that there was no more reserve or formality between them. Anna sought Miss Kingsbury's room very often, and seated on a low ottoman by her side, with her hands firmly clasped, she drank in words of advice and earnest pleadings for her soul's eternal welfare. It was the first time in her life, she had so opened the recesses of her heart to mortal gaze, and she experienced the sweet comfort of sympathy and reciprocal feeling.

Miss Kingsbury soon learned how to deal with her. But though willing to *talk*, Anna was not yet willing to *act*; and Miss Kingsbury was grieved to find her ignorance of spiritual things, and her determination to feel no personal responsibility resting upon her to "make her calling and election sure." She did not relapse into indifference, but with an awakened conscience, long after the special interest in the church had subsided, she continued to remain thoughtful and inquiring,

though she came to no final decision. This was not in accordance with her general character, but it was the result of a long fixed habit, acquired at the *home fire-side* and still unbroken, except in the one instance of her best friend as she constantly called Miss Kingsbury.

This faithful young lady was exerting a salutary influence in another place also. Her little Sunday-school class was composed of the pet lambs of the flock. But of them all, no one was more attractive than little Alice Warren. She was, indeed, a sweet child. She was fair as a lily, with dark beaming eyes, which rested full upon you when her feelings were touched, and gave an almost holy expression to her face. Miss Kingsbury often felt when talking with these little ones, that every word she said, sunk into the very soul of Allie. Her questions and remarks, too, indicated an unusual interest in divine things, for a child of only five summers. She could not forget the death of Jennie Day, and often would say, when particularly engaged in her class, "Oh, how I wish Jennie was here!" Though she generally added, "but Jennie is now happy in heaven."

As she entered the church after the Sunday-school exercises, with her whole soul beaming from her eyes, many a one gazed on her with a feeling of mingled tenderness and love. Happy was it for the child that, in her early years, she had the counsel of one who taught her the depths of Jesus' love, and stirred up the fount of her affections till they overflowed in their exuberancy, and would not be restrained by *home influence*.

Allie soon had questions enough to propose to her mother; and, never doubting that she was her best counsellor, she opened her whole heart with childish freedom from time to time for her inspection. A secret feeling that she had not entirely done her duty by her other children as a Christian mother, led Mrs. Warren to encourage Alice at such times. She soon experienced such enjoyment herself in this unrestrained religious intercourse, that she wondered she had not been more free with her other children. But they were now too old, she thought, for her to begin.

"Mother," said Alice one day, "don't you ever pray?"

"Oh yes, my dear," replied Mrs. Warren.

"But I never see you, mother, and Miss

Kingsbury says we ought to pray every day."

"Why, you see me, when Mr. Mason prays in church, though you cannot hear me. Every thing he prays for, I pray for too."

"But, mother, is that enough? Needn't I pray any more than that?"

"No, my dear, it is not enough. Every one has something to ask for himself alone, and he ought to go alone to do it. I do so a great many times when you do not know it."

"Well, won't you let me be with you sometime? I want to hear you pray by yourself, mother. I thought you never prayed, and I told Miss Kingsbury so, but she said she guessed you did, and told me to ask you. I mean to tell her you do, and I know she will be glad."

Mrs. Warren was conscience-smitten that her light had burned so dimly before her children, that they had no confidence she ever prayed; and she resolved, in the strength of the Lord, to be more faithful in the performance of duty from that time.

"Well, Allie," said she, "you may stay

with me now and I will pray. Do you pray, Allie, every day alone?"

"Yes, mother, ever since Miss Kingsbury told me about it. After you have heard me say, 'Our Father,' and have gone down stairs, I get up in the bed and pray by myself."

"Well, Allie, I am glad you do," said Mrs. Warren with deep emotion.

"Why, mother, I didn't want you should know it, for I thought you would think I did wrong to get up."

"Oh no, my child! I shall always love to have you pray at any time."

So the mother and child kneeled in prayer, and after Mrs. Warren had, with tremulous tones, besought divine mercy, she waited a moment; when little Allie offered the incense of prayer that doubtless ascended to heaven; for the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, delighteth to dwell with the humble child who seeks his face, and surely he will listen to the voice of prayer and praise from infant lips.

In reflecting upon this interview, Mrs. Warren experienced conflicting emotions of remorse for lost opportunities of such intercourse with her other children, and gratitude mingled with astonishment, that Alice should

be the one to lead her on to duty. She could not refrain from relating the circumstance to Mr. Warren, and from that time Alice assumed a different place in the household. She was no longer a pet or plaything, for her parents had discovered that she had outgrown her baby character, and gained a maturity of feeling far beyond any thing they had imagined. They waited to see whereunto these things would grow, almost with a foreboding that she was fast becoming too good for earth, and they should be called to part with her.

Miss Kingsbury, too, had the happy satisfaction of guiding her little pupil onward in her course, and of feeling that her labours were not lost upon her. But, oh how sad, that a mother's hand was not *the first* to touch those delicate chords, and awaken answering notes of peace and love in that young heart! With *her* should ever have been associated the first gush of grateful emotions at the story of a Saviour's love and the duty of obedience to him. Mother! lose not the precious opportunity. The babe upon your bosom will go forth to life's combat ere you have awakened from your dream. Then let *your* finger be the one that points heavenward, and *your*

voice the first to teach the blessedness of prayer and praise. So will a halo of love and glory ever surround you in the memory of those who delight to call you by that sacred name.



CHAPTER VII.

THE HAPPY CHANGE.

SEVERAL weeks had passed away since the hippodrome company came to S——. But the anxiety of Mrs. Morgan for Charles was not diminished. She felt that this was a momentous time for him; for at his age the profession for life must be chosen, and Mrs. Morgan well knew that his choice might reach, in its effects far, far into the ages of eternity. She had felt previous to their last conversation that he was rather losing his religious impressions, but since that time she had seen much to encourage her. Still Charles showed no disposition for some time to have those long, confidential talks with her which she had so much encouraged and which he had seemed to enjoy so well. She was beginning to feel alarmed lest he was striving to conceal his state of mind from her. But returning from school one day he came to her room, and find-

ing her alone, he seated himself as if for an unusual season of confiding and affectionate conversation.

"Well, mother," said he, "we have not had a *good talk* for six weeks."

"No, Charles," replied Mrs. Morgan, "I begin to long very much for one. I thought you had rather avoided seeing me alone."

"Oh no, mother! But I have been waiting for you. That talk we had about popular amusements did me so much good, I certainly could not be afraid of another."

"Then you have given yourself to the Saviour?" hastily exclaimed his mother. "Why did you not tell me before?"

"I hope I have, mother; but I have been waiting to see if my life bore any testimony to my change of purpose. However, I begin to think that it is with the lips confession must be made unto salvation; and I am not ashamed to say that I am resolved, by the grace of God, to live for his service hereafter."

"Oh, Charles, I can never be grateful enough if this is really true! But I beg of you, beware of indulging a false hope. It is an awful thing to be self-deceived in this matter."

"I feel that it is so, mother, and I have been

afraid to tell my dearest friend that I hoped my sins were pardoned. But I have examined my own heart time and again as well as I can, and I find my feelings so changed, that I believe it can only be by the grace of God.

I had no peace of mind after our last long talk for several days. I had never felt so plainly my own responsibility in the matter of salvation. I had been cherishing a feeling that I was to be acted on entirely as a passive agent. But you urged me so solemnly to cherish the Spirit, and listen to his wooings, that I could not rest. I feared he would leave me forever. In my distress I learned to appreciate the worth of a Saviour; and, instead of trying to become better, as I had so long done, I trusted entirely to his merits, and said, "Blessed Jesus, take me just as I am and use me for thyself, and I will trust for my happiness here, and my heaven hereafter, to what thou hast done, and not to any thing I can do. Only give me thy Spirit to dwell with me, and preserve me from sin, and I will strive to obey his holy directions, and live in accordance with the divine will."

"God grant you grace, my son, to keep your resolution, and to be a faithful earnest

Christian. It is one of the happiest moments of my life, and I hope it will be of your's."

"Why, mother, it seems to me I never knew what was meant by happiness before. I have such a sweet peace of conscience when I am trying to do right, that it far exceeds all boisterous mirth, or any pleasure I ever enjoyed. There is one thing I never thought of till lately. That is, every true, rational pleasure I can enjoy, is only increased by consecration to God; while other pleasures are diminished by the same means. I love all I see in nature more. I love my friends more. I love my studies more—but foolish amusements I cannot enjoy now."

"And I hope you never will, Charles. Never parley with the tempter at all in regard to them; for be sure, just so much as you indulge in them, just so much you will lose of the power of religion in the soul. It is in vain to talk of uniting the two."

"Well, I have often heard others ask, and have asked the same question myself, why a person could not be a Christian and dance and sport like others? But I begin to think now the best reason is, because he don't want to do it."

"That does not exactly express the reason,

my son, for no doubt there are real Christians who from habit or taste *may* feel an inclination to join in such things, but who know that if they would be devoted to Christ they must not indulge in them. So that in one sense they do wish for them, and in another sense they do not. But this I think is clear, that the more they have of love for Christ and his service; of zeal for the advancement of his kingdom; the more of spirituality and heavenly mindedness, the less such things will be a temptation."

"Well, mother, I am thankful that I have no such habits to overcome. I have sometimes thought you were rather strict with me, as I was not a Christian, but I am glad now."

"I considered myself responsible, Charles, in the sight of God, for the formation of those habits, and never felt that I was at liberty to allow you to do any thing a Christian should not do, so far as my influence extended. This is what I think every parent should feel. They should educate their children in Christian principles, as they do in the principles of obedience to the government of the country. How unfit a person would be to enjoy the privileges of our free institutions into whose mind monarchical principles have been carefully

instilled from childhood! He must change his sentiments if he would fully appreciate the blessings of this land. And so Christian teachers should train up children. They should be governed by the principles of religion in their teaching as much as parents are."

"But, mother, that will not make Christians of them."

"Oh, no, my son! Nothing but the Spirit of God can change the heart. Parents are not responsible for that. But they are responsible for the formation of such habits as work counter to the operation of the Spirit, and will always impede the progress of divine life in the soul."

"Well, I never considered the blessing of having pious parents in that light before; and I am sure I am thankful now, for my work henceforth is to be all the easier for it."

"It may be easier, Charles, than it might have been under other circumstances. But you will still find you have enough to do. And this is one of the subjects I wish to speak with you about particularly. Most young persons enter upon the Christian life as though it were a delightful walk through a flower-garden, where they have nothing to do but

enjoy themselves as much as possible; whereas it is really an entrance upon the list for a life-combat. I want you should feel that your work is but just begun. It is a great thing to become a Christian, but if possible, it is a still greater thing to live a Christian life. When you have made the effort a little longer you will see more of the difficulties of it."

"Well, mother, it has taken me a long time to make up my mind to become a Christian; but as yet I have no wish to go back again and give up the effort."

"Oh, my son, I would not say one discouraging word! A Christian life may be one of constant toil and watchfulness and effort; but it well repays. You have every thing to encourage you. Far more of solid comfort for earth—a peace in the hour of death such as the world can never give—and blessedness forever at the right hand of God! Go on, my son, unto the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus."

This interesting conversation between the mother and son was here interrupted by the return of Ellen from Mrs. Day's. She had been sitting by her dying bed-side through the day, and now came home that her mother might take her place for the night.

The winter had passed since little Jennie Day was laid in the grave, and now in the first bloom of spring her mother was fast sinking to her side. She had lingered through the winter without suffering much pain, but it had been evident to all, that her days would soon be ended. None knew it better than herself, and she had striven to be prepared for her last change. But while she was a hoping, trusting Christian, that light had not beamed from the grave to light her passage through the dark valley which she wished to see. But Ellen now brought the joyful tidings to Mrs. Morgan that she was happy in the prospect of death.

Mrs. Morgan had been much with her dying friend, and now went for the last time to watch her descent to the grave. It was a season of Christian triumph to the departed, and of heavenly consolation to survivors. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," whispered she, and her words fell as balm upon the wounded spirit. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DISCLOSURE.

DURING the three years that followed the death of Mrs. Day, the changes in the circle of friends at S——, were so few and noiseless, as scarcely to excite attention. At the end of that interval, we find Charles Morgan enjoying a summer's vacation at home. He had just returned from college where he had been for two years. He had studied hard, and now was bent on recreation. He wished to relax mind and body, that he might gain strength for another year of study.

Charles was now twenty. He was slightly built and delicate, yet manly and dignified, so that he was not seldom addressed as "Mr. Morgan." But from the time of his profession of religion, nearly three years before, he had, indeed, become changed. He was a devoted servant of Christ, a shining light in college,—that most difficult place in which to keep the

lamp of piety burning brightly. He was a regular attendant at the church prayer-meetings when he came to S——; and his mother's heart was filled with joy and gratitude to find him always ready to talk upon religious themes, and ever faithful in the service of his Lord. His choice of a profession had long been made; and he now counted it a high privilege to enter the ministry, with all its trials and self-denials, and crucifixions of earthly ambition.

Mrs. Morgan and Charles again enjoyed those long familiar confidential interviews, which had been prized so highly in other days; and it almost seemed like renewing an old acquaintance, when seated in her own little sitting-room, he poured into her ear all his plans and purposes, his sentiments and feelings. He had great confidence in her judgment; for he felt that her experience and habits of observation had taught her much; although like many mothers of another age, she had not enjoyed such privileges of education in her youth, as almost all may now possess.

Charles and Ellen, too, as they walked or sat together, unbosomed themselves to each other as only an affectionate brother and sister can. Nor did he leave unimproved a single

opportunity for cultivating the same familiarity and freedom with the little Sarah. She was several years younger than himself, and regarded him almost as a father. But while endeavouring to restrain her and guide her in the right way, he also sought and gained her confidence.

Oh, how delightful is such harmony in the family! It makes of the home circle a little paradise on earth. It refines and purifies and elevates the character. It is powerful in subduing wrong, in inculcating right, in educating the morals and intellect, but even more powerful in reaching the heart, and so preparing it for good impressions, that may excite those having the influence to exert it for a Saviour and his cause.

Charles loved best to hear the little incidents which had occurred in S——, related by the lips of the loved ones at home; and he generally spent a day or two with them alone, on his first return from college. On this occasion, after the marriages and deaths, and the chit chat of the year had been commented on, Ellen remarked to Charles, that there was one item of news which had not been told.

“And what is that, Ellen?”

“It is good news,” said Ellen, “and some-

thing you will be very glad to hear. Your old particular friend, Anna Warren, united with the church at the last communion season!"

"Well, I am indeed pleased to hear of it, and surprised, too; for I did not know that Anna ever had much feeling upon the subject of religion."

"I suspect," said Ellen, "that she has had a great deal more for a long time than any one has known of, unless it was Miss Kingsbury."

"I always thought, Ellen, that piety was all Anna needed to make her a most excellent character. And if I am not mistaken in her—if her profession is sincere—she will make a very useful Christian. She will take a decided stand, I am sure, on the Lord's side."

"I know," said Ellen, archly, "that you used to see a great deal in her to praise, when some others thought her distant and rather overbearing."

"But grace, Ellen, will smooth the rough points in her character, if there were any, and render her more gentle; and I always liked her independence and straight-forwardness."

"O, we all think a great deal of Anna, as well as yourself. But still there was a forbidding way about her, so that it seemed difficult to reach her heart."

“But you will find, Ellen, that Anna has tender sensibilities ; and if they are called into action in the right direction, she will make her influence to be felt in society.”

“We can see that even now ; for she has already gone to work in a way that shows she feels her consecration to Jesus to be no unmeaning thing. In one thing she excels, I think. It is in private, personal efforts with her friends,—for their salvation, if not Christians, and for their growth in grace, if they are. She says it has been such a stumbling-block to her, and a matter of so much astonishment, that Christians do not exhibit more interest in the religious welfare of others, that she intends to make it the rule of her life, to be faithful to every one who comes under her influence at all upon this subject.”

“I am rejoiced to hear it. This is, indeed, one of the sins of the people of God at the present day. We smother the fire which burns within us, till it almost goes out, instead of keeping it burning brightly by contact with others. It brings the curse of lukewarmness upon us ; for when no expression is ever given to the feelings, the corresponding emotions die out. The “communion of saints” is one of the high privileges of the church ; but it has come

to be considered a taking up of the cross—to have fellowship with others upon a subject which ought to lie nearest the heart of every one. And yet, who is guiltless on this point?

“I have no doubt, Charles, but we should often find it with others, as with Anna Warren, much easier to get at the heart than we expected, if we would only try.”

“You intimated, Ellen, that Miss Kingsbury has had great influence over her, and this reminds me to inquire about her.”

“O! she is the same gentle, faithful creature. But her health is very delicate, and I fear we shall lose her before long. I think I could almost be willing to die, if I had only done as much good as she has!”

“Well, it is certainly our duty, Ellen, to work while the day lasts. And it is a pleasant duty, too. I wonder that we are so reluctant to engage in it. The truth is, that, to be in the full enjoyment of religion, it is absolutely necessary to be active in the performance of its duties.”

“Yes, my son,” said Mrs. Morgan, who had just joined her children, and heard the last remark, “that is as true and as natural as any cause and its consequence can be.”

“But, mother, can we never turn from one

course of action, whose claims press upon us, and choose another, without sin?"

"The circumstances of the case must decide that, Charles. We, of course, must choose one of many paths that may lie before us, but only one can be the path of duty to us."

"This leads me, mother, to a subject I have been intending to speak about as soon as possible. I have for a long time felt constrained to offer myself to the missionary work. But the thought of you here at home, and your prospect of dependence upon me, have hitherto prevented my mentioning this desire to you, for I felt assured you would not consent. But I begin to think I am acting improperly in the matter—that I am not exercising sufficient trust in God, nor submitting myself to His will."

Mrs. Morgan hastily left the room, to seek in her own apartment an opportunity for gaining that composure and calmness, which had entirely forsaken her while Charles was speaking. The idea was not new to her. She had often thought of it, and endeavoured to school herself to submission if it should seem to be the will of God that Charles should turn to the nations that sit in darkness, and labour there to advance the kingdom of the Lord.

But yet, when it became certain that Charles had himself been thinking of the same thing, it almost overcame her. The desolation of her widowhood—the promise of her children, and especially of this her only son—together with a painful foreboding concerning her future temporal concerns, flashed across her mind, and she dared not trust herself to speak, but betook herself to solitude and prayer. With many tears she reviewed the past, and her earnest dedication of Charles to the ministry, and her great desire that he should become a Christian.

With all her efforts, however, she could not reconcile herself to the idea of Charles's separation from all his earthly attachments, to go far off to the dark places of the earth that are full of the habitations of cruelty; and the subject was not again mentioned in the family for several days. All strove to be cheerful; for all felt the time too precious that could be spent with Charles, to suffer a shade of sadness to darken the sunny hours. Mrs. Morgan had regained her usual serenity, and the days passed pleasantly by. But no one knew the struggle she had with self, nor the efforts she made to overcome her sinful idolatry. The plague of her own heart became better known

to her by this trial, and she was led to the foot of the cross, humbled, subdued and sanctified.

“Charles,” said she, a few days afterward, as he threw his arm caressingly across the back of her chair, “I shall never object if you desire to go on a mission.”

“Dear mother,” said he, “how I thank you! You have made my path of duty plain, and I shall hereafter study to accomplish one great purpose.”

“What our plans will be I cannot say. We have made such an effort to sustain you in your course of study, that there will be but little left for us. But we will leave it in the hands of God. Hitherto, I have leaned on you for the future; now I will trust Him.”

“Well, mother, if God has work for me to do abroad, he can easily provide for you at home. I am not afraid to trust him. But I have long avoided the decision that I must go, on your account, till I began to feel that my usefulness must be destroyed, if I forsook so plain a path of duty. Yea, ‘woe is me if I preach not the gospel,’ and that, too, wherever I am sent.”

“And yet, Charles, labourers are needed in the home field, and it is not every minister who is ‘the only son of his mother, and she a widow.’”

“No, mother, nor is it every minister who has so few ties to bind him as I have. I know that it seems hard for me to leave you; but I trust that God will give you grace not only to be reconciled to it, but cheerfully to give me up, if His providence seems to point out my course to be, to forsake mother and friends and leave all to follow Him.”



CHAPTER IX.

A COMMON ERROR.

IN tracing the progress of so interesting a family, we must not forget Anna Warren. From Ellen's conversation with Charles we have learned the result of Miss Kingsbury's efforts, and it may be profitable to review the steps of her progress in the Christian course previous to her open acknowledgment to the world of her determination to follow her Lord.

Anna never lost her interest after the revival three years previous, but it was a concealed fire, which slowly—very slowly—continued to burn. She needed more of the atmosphere of love to kindle it into a bright flame.

Miss Kingsbury was never weary of efforts to influence her. Anna would freely admit the claims of every duty she pressed upon her, but either failed to perform it, or else professed to derive no benefit from it. Month

after month passed away and there was no change in her state of mind. In vain Miss Kingsbury showed her the sin of remaining thus, when the command was "Believe"—not by-and-by, but now—at once, and without delay. In vain she pleaded with her not to run the fearful risk of grieving the Spirit of God. In vain she warned her of the uncertainty of life, and her danger of sinking into the grave unprepared to meet her Judge. Anna felt the force of these arguments, but still they were insufficient to break the icy barriers of reserve by which she had been so long surrounded. No one knew her state of mind but Miss Kingsbury, nor could she be persuaded to ask advice of any one else.

Miss Kingsbury at length felt that this sinful fear of man was the great stumbling-block in Anna's way, and began to urge upon her the necessity of feeling willing that others should know her state of mind. "I am afraid dear Anna," said she, "that you are ashamed of Jesus. Ashamed to have it known that you are seeking his face and favour. Like Nicodemus you would go to him by night, secretly, to learn of him. Can you think this is right?"

"Oh no, Mary! It would be wrong indeed

to be ashamed of him. But I do not think I am. If I ever become a Christian, I think I shall be willing others should know it. But I have a great dread of making professions before the world, and then not holding out, or of leading others to suppose me striving to be a Christian, and then showing myself to be worldly by my life. Don't you think there are a great many hypocrites in the church, Mary?"

"I fear there are, Anna. But I did not ask you to become a hypocrite. I only wish, if you have a real desire to serve the Saviour, that you should be willing others should know it. I do not mean that you should do this publicly. But certainly you might derive benefit from conversing freely with Mr. Mason or your father and mother."

"Perhaps I might talk with Mr. Mason, Mary, but I could not say one word to my father and mother."

"Why, Anna, I should think it would be delightful to confide your whole soul to such parents as your's on a subject so interesting as your eternal welfare."

"Well, I do not know why it is, but I cannot talk with them. If they say a word to me about it, I am choked at once."

"Do they often talk with you, Anna?"

“Not very often. It seems about as hard for them as it is for me.”

Miss Kingsbury thought she understood the difficulty in Anna's case from this conversation. There had never been that freedom between herself and her own dear mother upon religious subjects which there should have been. Since her death it had been a source of deep regret to her. She had confidence in her mother's Christian character, for her life had been all consistency, and daily exemplified the power of religion to support one in the hours of trial and distress. Her last days had been peace. She gave a calm testimony concerning her hope for another world, and then “slept in Jesus.”

But Mary had mourned that their hours of social intercourse, while her mother was in comparative health, had not been more strictly religious. She felt that they should have spent hours together in drawing strength from the same source, to encounter the ills of life, and kindled together their hopes of a happy future, where all their privations would be more than made up; that faith, and love, and zeal should have lighted up their fires from the same altar; and that love to God and devotion to his service should have

been inseparably connected with their thoughts of each other. Then the associations connected with her memory would have been as holy as now they were tender. She had always felt that her mother made the same mistake in her young years which she now perceived Mr. and Mrs. Warren were making in their family. This discovery produced a still deeper interest in Anna's welfare, and led her to devise many plans by which this great impediment to her salvation might be removed. She at last resolved to make an effort that might lead Anna to pursue a proper course, and accordingly on the first opportunity directed the conversation to this subject by inquiring of Anna, "If she had yet opened her heart to any one?"

"Why, Mary," she replied, "no one seeks my confidence."

"But you know, Anna, it is not because they are indifferent to your welfare. It is difficult to approach you. Are you conscious of an effort to make it easy for others to talk with you?"

"Perhaps not. But, Mary, Ellen Morgan is the only one who ever tried to come home to my feelings, besides yourself. She did it but once, and I have often wished since, that

she would say more to me about these things, for I believe I could talk with her."

"But, Anna, why should you wait for her any more than she for you? It seems to me that you have too much at stake to stand upon formality. Now, Anna, I want you should make up your mind to seek advice from your father yourself. Will you promise me?"

"Oh, Mary, I cannot!"

"Why, Anna, have you not every reason to think he would be rejoiced to know that you are inquiring the way of life?"

"Oh, I have no doubt of that! But it is something I never have done, and it seems impossible."

"Well, Anna, go home and think and pray about it, and see if it is not your duty to go to your parents upon this very subject. They may have erred in not pressing these things enough upon you, for it is very easy to make such a mistake; but if they are Christians they are not wanting in feeling and you would soon find it out, and it may do you much good."

Anna thought much about what her friend had proposed, and felt convinced of her duty in this respect. She resolved and re-resolved, but as often shrunk when the time of effort came. Miss Kingsbury was more and more

convinced that there was a secret lurking shame in her unwillingness and urged her repeatedly upon this point.

Anna said she prayed, studied God's word, tried to love her Saviour and give him her heart; but yet she had no evidence she was a Christian. There was no joy and peace in believing, but all was dark and rayless. Does it not seem strange that the loved daughter of professed Christian parents should have been in such a state of mind for three years and these parents remain as ignorant of it as a stranger? Yet so it was with Mr. and Mrs. Warren. They complained of thoughtlessness, and did not labour with her from a conviction of its uselessness. They feared they might do more harm than good, (as many others say,) when in fact almost any thing would have done good which betrayed a care for her salvation.

Oh, that this were but a solitary instance of such a state of things! But, alas, we are led to think it far from being uncommon even in pious families! Christian parents be sure you understand your children's feelings on this all important theme. Study them well. Be sure you enter into them and appreciate them. A mistake here may be a fatal one. There may not be the faithful pastor or teacher to

fulfil the service if you neglect it, and in "that day" blood may be found in your skirts—the blood of souls, the blood of your own children in the flesh lost through your neglect.

Miss Kingsbury at last so far influenced Anna that she obtained permission to communicate to Mr. Mason herself the state of Anna's mind and ask advice from him. He immediately called at Mr. Warren's, asked to see Anna alone, and had a long and interesting interview with her. He afterward talked with Mr. Warren about Anna, and she soon became sensible that her parents and others knew of her interest in the subject of personal salvation. By common consent, religious truths were readily introduced in conversation, and Anna found it much easier to keep her mind upon the subject than before. Her friends made many solemn applications of divine truth which reached her conscience. Prayers seemed sent heavenward for her. Mr. Mason seemed to preach for her. Light dawned upon her darkened mind, and by degrees she understood, appreciated, and loved the truth. Her conduct was unexceptionable, but still she made no profession of her faith.

She was one day giving expression to her interest upon the subject and her wish for light

to become a Christian in the presence of Mrs. Morgan, when she said, rather pointedly :—

“Perhaps, Anna, you are a Christian. What evidence have you that you are not?”

These words sunk deeply into Anna’s heart, and from that time she began to hope that her name was written in the Lamb’s Book of Life. Her deportment was so consistent, and her aims so spiritual, that her friends at length proposed that she should unite with the people of God. To this Anna readily consented, as she had felt willing to do so for some time; “for” said she, “I am resolved to devote all my energies and powers to the service of God, and I am willing the world should know it.”

In fulfilling this consecration she had pursued the consistent open course which Ellen Morgan described to Charles, with a resolution characteristic of her natural firmness.

CHAPTER X.

COME TO THE WEDDING.

AGAIN the pleasant spring has come. "The winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Every thing gives intimation of an unusual stir at the widow Morgan's. Charles—the dear brother Charles—is at home again, and "all is merry as a marriage bell."

It is a bright and balmy day in May. Charles has been in and out many times to execute the various commissions of those in command. Sarah wears an important look, as if of more than usual consequence in the world. Mrs. Morgan is here and there throughout the day, with her neat morning dress and snowy cap.

Occasionally, a glimpse may be had of Ellen, as with blushing cheeks, and eyes radiant with

happiness, she arranges, re-arranges, perfects, and after all, returns to give a finishing touch to the plain, but neat and tasteful decorations of her maternal home. Ah, Ellen, that face betrays the secret !

It is evening now. The blinds are closed. The rooms are lighted. Preparations are all complete, and Ellen is alone in that little room so long her refuge in the hours of trouble and of joy, of solitude and meditation, and her best loved place to bow at the mercy-seat. For the last time she bends the knee in prayer on the sacred spot, renews her consecration to God, and seeks for grace to guide her as she goes forth on her new career. Petitions tremble on her lips for another, too, whose happiness is henceforth to be linked with her's. She prays that together they may serve the Lord here, and together stand before the throne of His glory accepted at last.

A gentle tap,—and he has come to claim his bride. We leave them alone for a little time ; and while one after another of the bidden guests arrives, and enters the parlour to wait for their appearance, we will follow Charles to his mother's room for a moment, as he takes occasion to whisper, that she must not yield for a moment to the feeling that she is to be

deserted by her children ; “for Mr. Day,” said he, “has just assured me, that he never means you shall be separated from them unless you choose.”

“Oh, Charles ! how are my selfish fears rebuked ! I almost despaired when I found my son was to leave me, and now I have another given me. When shall we learn to trust the Lord, and walk by faith and not by sight.”

“We certainly have cause for gratitude, mother. Mr. Day is not only all that Ellen can ask for a husband, but he is a devoted Christian, using the abundant means God has given him, as a faithful steward. And I can go happily now to a far-off home, and know that you will not, in consequence, suffer by my absence.”

It has been four years since Mr. Day laid his youthful wife in the grave. Ellen Morgan was the only one he had seen who could supply her place. Some wondered that a man of his standing and wealth should choose so plain and unpretending a wife as Ellen. But she suffered nothing in comparison with many who made more show ; and the virtues of her life made her more dear to him than all the pretensions and gayety of others.

But Mr. Mason has come, and the self-elected

committee of superintendence, who had bustled about to have all things ready, ran up to Ellen's room to summon them below, compliment the bride, give directions where they were to stand, and how—not forgetting the many little pleasant jests stereotyped for such occasions.

In a few moments more Mr. Day and Ellen had taken the sacred vows which united them for life. Ellen was self-possessed, and received the congratulations of all with grace and dignity.

There were but a few chosen friends present. Ellen had begged it might be so, and it was too much in conformity with Mr. Day's taste for him to object. But there were enough to make the rooms comfortably full, and constitute a very agreeable company. Much as Ellen had been beloved, it had never seemed to occur to them how beautiful she was, till she appeared before them as a bride. Her dress was plain; and the last thing before leaving her little room, he had himself twined a set of pearls among the wealth of dark-brown curls which almost covered her face. It was with admirable taste, and Ellen never looked more lovely. Mr. Day felt that she would shine in any sphere; but yet, prized far more

the inestimable qualities of mind and heart, which had won his first regard.

The Warrens were there; and Charles and Anna passed a pleasant time together reviewing past days, and breathing out aspirations for the advance of the Redeemer's kingdom in their own hearts and in the world.

"Charles, who is that young lady in the other room dressed in deep mourning?" said Arthur Lockhart.

"That is Miss Kingsbury, the teacher in the female department of our academy. She is an orphan. But why do you ask?"

"I was struck with the expression of her face. There is something in it which speaks of suffering, and if I am not mistaken, of Christian submission, too."

"Her's is one of the loveliest Christian characters I ever knew. We think her fast ripening for heaven. But let me introduce you to her."

Arthur Lockhart was the son of a wealthy judge in an opulent city of New England. He was a young man of talents, and his father fondly hoped to see him rise high in his own profession. Mr. Lockhart was not a professor of religion, though his wife was, and had endeavoured apparently in vain to influence her

son in favour of religious truth. But he was rather disposed to be skeptical; and it was with much anxiety on her part, and exulting hope on the part of the father, of the high station which Arthur's talents would command, that they saw him go from home to college.

The first year of his college course had seen him fall below the mark of his father's ambition, and sink into habits of dissoluteness and idleness. But the second year gave him Charles Morgan for his room-mate, and through his influence he not only reformed, but became a decided follower of the meek and lowly Jesus; and with Charles he had devoted himself to the missionary work.

His mother's heart rejoiced, but his father never recovered from his disappointment. He was blind to the imminent danger in which Arthur stood, of being a wreck in fortune and character; and only felt chagrin at the thought of his son being an insignificant apostle to the heathen world! He might have been reconciled to have seen him pastor of some fashionable city church, but he never could forgive his choice to go abroad, although he had too much dignity to interpose by authority.

But Arthur and Charles were inseparable companions; and he had now come home with

his friend to attend his sister's wedding. He enjoyed his acquaintance with Miss Kingsbury very much, and the influence of her refined manners and devoted piety was not lost by his return to college.

The simple festivities of the occasion were joyous and free,—but yet not worldly nor unworthy of true Christians. It was a happy time, and all remembered it with pleasure.

Mr. Day had fitted up a large and delightful residence for his bride; and without much show or formality, they immediately took possession of it. Mr. Day offered Mrs. Morgan and Sarah a home with them at once; but Mrs. Morgan felt that so long as Charles remained in the country, she must have a place of her own, where she could receive him during his vacations, and prepare him for the scene of future labour. She well knew that no spot could ever seem so dear to him as his childhood's home. But her confidence in God was renewed by this expression of his care for her, and a load of anxious forebodings was removed from her mind, so that she learned to regard Charles's separation from home with calmness and submission.

The vacation passed quickly and pleasantly by, and Charles and Arthur returned to col-

lege invigorated and refreshed for their last year of study. They had derived benefit from the cheerful and exhilarating amusements of their visit, and learned that there is nothing in religion to blunt the keenest sensibility to enjoyment, or to detract one particle from the true pleasures of life.



CHAPTER XL.

DARK DAYS ENDING IN LIGHT.

WHEN Anna Warren became a Christian, she soon evinced great anxiety that the distance and reserve which had existed between the members of her family might be done away. She earnestly desired that they might be better acquainted with each other's spiritual state, and labour for each other's spiritual good. She sought to gain Lee's confidence, but it seemed in vain.

Lee was now sixteen, and if not actually vicious was certainly indifferent to all that seemed good. He turned away with a sneer from her reproofs, and often wounded her feelings with unkind words. He now rebelled openly against parental authority, and his friends began to fear that his would be a course of folly if not of crime. Anna often talked with her mother about him, and wept

in secret that she seemed blind to the extent of his obduracy. If Mr. Warren understood it better, he did not let it be known.

Willie was but thirteen now, and seemed more hopeful. Still Lee's influence over him was bad, and, unless it could be counteracted, threatened to work his ruin. He was so mirthful and full of sport, that he laughed gayly at solemn truths, or turned away from them with some vain jest. But yet there was a vein of sensibility below it all which Anna well understood, and she trusted that impressions made now would never be entirely effaced. He had much of Anna's ingenuousness, but there was so much of drollery and fun about him, that it was sometimes difficult to tell when he was in earnest. Yet if his feelings were touched he frankly exhibited it. There was no hypocrisy about him. Anna often talked with him, and though he was never intentionally rude to her, still he parried the thrusts of the sword of truth with much adroitness. Nothing seemed to make an impression upon him. Truth touched and glided off without effect like drops of rain from the wings of a bird.

But "little Allie," as she was still affectionately called, was the pride of the house-

hold. Beautiful as an earthly form can well be, it was no wonder she was idolized. But add to this an increasing loveliness of character, and a mind mature far beyond her years, and we can well pardon her friends for their partiality. Even Lee would do for Allie what he would not do for any one else. She was very small of her age, and each year grew more attractive in appearance. From the day we have mentioned when Alice led her mother so lovingly to the throne of grace, she had seemed to feel perfect freedom upon the subject, and often renewed the request to hear her mother pray.

Alice now shared Anna's room, and it was with great delight that Anna watched her growing fondness for religious things. She endeavoured to lead her aright, and deeply felt the responsibility of being an older sister. In return Alice clung to her with great fondness, and seemed perfectly happy when Anna would join with her in her petitions, or sing a little evening song with her.

But lovely as this child seemed to be, she, like her great Master, was to be made "perfect through suffering." It was when she was about nine years old that symptoms of disease were gradually developed. She complained

of weariness and pain after any extra exertion, and the sports of children soon became burdensome to her. She was kept from school in the hope that entire rest might invigorate her. But she still continued to fail in strength till it became evident that she had much to endure. It was very long before she could be induced to leave her Sunday-school, and she went when she was obliged to be carried there. But at last she became unable to sit up so long without injury; and with many tears she consented to abandon the effort.

Anna had talked a great deal with her about being willing that God should do as he pleased with her, but it was a severe struggle in her little heart; and it was long before she could exchange her sports and plays, and above all her Sunday-school for a sick bed with any cheerfulness. After months of languishing and distress it became certain that the dear little Alice was to be deformed for life, if indeed she could survive her sufferings. Her complaint was in the spine, and a large tumour was growing between her shoulders. She stooped as she attempted to cross the floor, and when she laid down to rest upon the easy lounge her father had prepared for her in the sitting-room, she could not straighten herself.

At times she suffered intensely, and clung for hours to her mother or sister Anna, and could scarcely bear that a loud word should be spoken in her presence. But at other times she was comparatively free from pain, and could join the family circle.

And so the light of that house went out slowly but surely. Month succeeded month of suffering and pain. In two years Allie was more and more helpless, emaciated, and deformed in body, but her mental powers grew stronger and brighter, and the ministration of suffering was a ministration of mercy to her. She had learned not only resignation but even cheerfulness. Every thing which medical skill and affectionate care could suggest was done for her, but nothing would avail. It were vain to describe the distress of Mr. and Mrs. Warren as their little pet faded before their eyes. They hoped against hope till the last possible ground of confidence that she could recover had disappeared. Anna became her incessant companion. She watched her by day, and read or sung to her when she could bear it. She ministered to her wants by night, till the colour faded from her own blooming cheek, and her parents feared for the result in her own case.

But Anna could not refuse those pleading eyes which followed every movement, and no one seemed to know so well as herself just what was needed for Allie's comfort.

Another year passed by. Alice was almost twelve years old. But there had been so much of pain and anguish in the three last years that she sighed to be at rest. She had learned submission in the sad school of adversity, and while she longed to soar away to a peaceful home above, she waited patiently for the Lord. But now she was evidently drawing near the close of her short career. With Miss Kingsbury she held many long and interesting interviews. It was as cold water to a thirsty soul when her dear teacher sat by her bed of pain, speaking precious words to her ear. Mary had known so well what it is to suffer that she could well sympathize with her. A part of the time during the past three years she had been unable to teach, and found herself sick and homeless but not friendless, for many had cared for her wants. But she was better now, and often visited her young favourite.

Toward the last of Alice's life, her chamber was almost the gate of heaven. She did not say a great deal, but her whole soul seemed so

absorbed with a contemplation of heaven and divine things, that her face shone as it were with heavenly light.

It was a calm Sabbath on a mild May day, when the church at S—— were assembled to commemorate the dying love of our Lord in the way of his appointment. Request was made that Alice might be remembered by them in their prayers, and at the close of the solemn services Mr. Mason with a few friends went in to commune with the dying girl. Charles Morgan, who was at home for his last vacation, accompanied them. Alice had long desired to eat bread and drink wine with the children of God in his sanctuary. And now that she was so soon to eat bread in the kingdom above, she had requested Mr. Mason to administer the sacrament to her once on earth. So they gathered there, and with streaming eyes and bleeding hearts heard her tell of her hope in a crucified Saviour. No one doubted her qualifications to partake of the sacred emblems, but it was such a privilege to hear her talk, it seemed so little like earth and so much like Heaven there, that they lingered in delightful intercourse till they feared it would be too much for her frail body, and having eaten and drunk together,

they bade her a long farewell, and left her to die. Before the morning broke she had passed away from this sorrowful earth and found her long-desired rest in heaven.



CHAPTER XII.

THE CHOICE AND PREPARATION.

It was the first time that death had invaded the circle which gathered around Mr. Warren's hearth-stone, and with the intenseness of a first grief, they mourned for the dear departed one. Mrs. Warren had been so completely bowed down, that Anna almost forgot her own sorrow in her efforts to promote her mother's comfort.

All hoped that Lee would long remember the dying counsels of the one he best loved on earth. But he strove to shake off all such impressions, and soon grew unusually rough and wayward. To add to the grief of the family, he determined to separate himself from home associations and go to a strange place. It was in vain to resist, and for fear he might become desperate, and still clinging to a fond hope that he would see the error of his ways and yet reform, Mr. Warren sent him away with a handsome outfit, and a father's blessing.

He had obtained for him a good situation as clerk in another town, and he trusted that Lee would be faithful to his duty and acquit himself honourably.

Separated from Lee, Willie did not,—could not, forget Alice. He lent a willing ear while Anna urged upon him immediate attention to his eternal welfare. He grew more attached to religious duties, and was outwardly moral. He was now sixteen, a good scholar, and a boy of fine mind. But he could not love the Saviour. The world seemed so bright to him, and the way so strewn with flowers that he could not turn aside to take the narrow path. He had seemed so “almost a Christian” that Anna was much disappointed to find him again growing fond of sports and frivolous gayeties. She knew that Alice was not forgotten but fondly remembered, and she knew, too, that the dear child had sent many prayers above for her two brothers, and she still hoped they would be answered. Sometimes she thought she had better not say much to him, for she feared that her importunity might rather produce disgust than love for the truth. But she remembered her own history and the want of confidence that she once felt

in Christians, because they said so little to her, and she could not refrain.

Three years had elapsed between Ellen Morgan's marriage and Alice Warren's funeral. In the mean time Charles Morgan had finished his college course, and passed two years in theological studies. Mrs. Morgan and Sarah had lived alone and known but little change. Sarah was now in her seventeenth year, and, like Ellen, had early given her heart to the Saviour, and lived in the quiet performance of life's duties. To minister to her mother's comfort, to visit her sister's home, and to anticipate and enjoy Charles' vacations were her chief pleasures. A sweet little one had come to take the place of Jennie in Mr. Day's affections, and of course was an object of much care and delight to the whole family.

But the last vacation which Charles would ever spend at home was hastening to a close. His next visit there would be in preparation for a final departure from his native land. There was not much hilarity of feeling at Mrs. Morgan's during his stay, but there was a calmness pervading all, which spoke of spirits at rest and in the enjoyment of approving consciences and the smiles of God's countenance.

Between Charles and Anna Warren there

had existed from childhood an appreciation of each other's character, and a strong friendship, which had ripened into a deep attachment since Anna's conversion. Her devoted piety, strength of mind, and cultivation of intellect pointed her out as a suitable companion for one, whose life was to be spent in an especial manner for the good of others, and some time previous to his last visit, she had accepted an invitation to share with him the toils, and privations, and glorious rewards of missionary labour.

There had been a long struggle in her mind, between her affection for Charles and for her parents—her duty to the heathen abroad and to her family at home. But she had finally submitted it to her parents, and resolved, with their permission, to consecrate herself to the service of Christ. It had been difficult for Mr. and Mrs. Warren to consent to part with Anna, particularly in the certain prospect of the death of Alice, their only remaining daughter. But, with the consciousness that they had not done their duty as Christian parents to their children, they dared not withhold the sacrifice from the Lord, and gave their consent.

Charles' choice had been made with the entire approbation of his mother, and henceforth

the families were united almost as one. Mrs. Morgan, Sarah and Ellen had each taken her turn beside the suffering Alice, and striven to smooth her passage to the grave. They had all joined in celebrating with her the dying love of Christ, and Charles had supported Anna through the trying hours of her death and burial. He had prayed often with the departing one, and his voice led the afflicted survivors to a throne of mercy, after she had ceased to unite with them in prayer and praise. It was Mrs. Morgan who dressed in the garments of death the poor deformed tabernacle, which the redeemed one left behind in her passage to glory. And Sarah and Ellen had watched, with a sister's love, beside the remains, and rendered all necessary assistance to the mourning friends. .

Who can ever forget kind offices of love at such a time of sorrow and affliction ?

Among those who mourned the early removal of Alice, there was one who felt deeply for her sufferings, and grieved for her death. Mary Kingsbury had always been her Sunday-school teacher, till she was no longer able to attend, and it had undoubtedly been her instructions, which had taken such hold of Alice's mind, and finally led her to a Saviour ;

and she rejoiced to feel that one lamb had been gathered into the fold through her labours. Fragile as her own health had been, she realized now that her life was not spared in vain, and felt repaid for years of lonely pilgrimage in this vale of tears.

Anna, too, always looked to her as her spiritual guide, and often thanked her for her faithfulness. Mary and Anna, though they had once borne the relation of teacher and pupil, were now intimate friends. Anna, having been one of the oldest pupils in the school, was, by a few years, Mary's junior in age, and since school days had passed with Anna, the disparity constantly decreased. They had laboured together in the gospel, and enjoyed much sweet intercourse, and now, amid the strange tossings of the billows of life, they were to be thrown together into a new field of effort and usefulness.

Arthur Lockhart had again spent a portion of his vacation with his friend Charles, and renewed his acquaintance with Mary Kingsbury and gained her consent to join with him in devoted labours to advance the kingdom of God upon earth. She hesitated at first, on account of her former delicacy of health. But as she was now in a great measure restored,

and, furthermore, as it was evident that freedom, for a season, from her present charge, a long sea voyage, and residence in a different climate, would all be much in her favour—she at length yielded.

Some time after the departure of the students to the Theological Seminary, for their last year's course, Mary closed her connection with the Academy—a place where she had suffered much—enjoyed much—laboured much, and seen her labours blessed—where she had sown much seed with prayer, and watered it with her tears—and left it with faith in God's promise that “he that going forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

She accepted an invitation to remain at Mr. Warren's with Anna, during their stay here. The year which would elapse before the departure of the missionaries, was improved by these devoted ladies in study and preparation for their distant home. They spent much time together in becoming acquainted with foreign fields of labour, and in promoting their own intellectual and spiritual growth.

The church in S——, rejoicing to send so many to be heralds of salvation to a dying

world, offered much assistance by way of preparation. They begged the privilege of giving an outfit to them all, and the ladies spent many busy hours in preparing things needful for their comfort on a long voyage, and in a distant country.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE MATERNAL DIALOGUE.

THE afflictions and sorrows of Mrs. Warren had the effect, undoubtedly, to deepen her tone of piety, and render her more spiritual. The intimacy of the two families led her to have frequent religious conversations with Mrs. Morgan, and while sitting with her, one day, she said, "Is it not strange, that my youngest child should have been the one to teach me so important a lesson in regard to the influence of the training of children upon their future character?"

"The ways of Providence seem often mysterious to us, Mrs. Warren."

"But it seems to me, Mrs. Morgan, if I had only felt as I do now, when my children were young, that I could have done much better by them, and been saved many an hour of sorrow,"—she added, in a sad tone.

"The right training of children I always

considered a very important subject, and I believe I attach more and more consequence to it, the longer I live. I have been taught to connect the eternal welfare of children so much with the instructions of their childhood, that parental responsibility seems immense to me.

"I have deeply to regret, that in my earlier years I did not realize this sufficiently. I felt anxious about my children, and often prayed for them; but I left the matter of their salvation entirely with God, as if no instrumentality were to be used. But Alice taught me a lesson on this subject."

"Your prayers were answered, perhaps, Mrs. Warren, in regard to her and Anna."

"I trust so. But oh, Mrs. Morgan, it is sad to me to reflect that some one else was the means of their salvation, and sadder yet to fear that, through our neglect, our dear boys may come short of eternal life."

"It was a blessed thing for us," said Mrs. Morgan, "that my dear husband viewed these things in their proper light. Our little family has been a happy one, and I think it was because he commenced from the very first to have the pervading *home influence* of a religious character. His earnestness upon the

subject led me to thought, and we laboured together for the spiritual good of our children, and I hope we may be permitted to meet,—an unbroken family, in heaven.”

“It is a delightful thought, Mrs. Morgan. This is one of the subjects which make me look back upon life with pain, and wish I could live it over. Our *domestic influence*, I feel conscious, has not always been what it should be. We were too easily satisfied if outward actions were right, without thinking properly of the motives.”

“A mother has it much in her power to make right impressions upon her children. I know much is said about maternal influence—but too much cannot be said about it. It is all-important that the confidence of the child should be gained, upon religious as well as upon every other subject.”

“O, how I realize that in the case of Allie! I had never felt free to say a great deal to my children, and entirely failed to gain their sympathy upon the subject. But Allie would make me talk, and was as confiding toward me upon that as any subject, and I soon found it was easy to talk with her, and make an impression upon her. O, how I mourn the loss of the opportunity of doing good to my other children,

when they were young! They are too old for me now to begin."

"There is certainly every encouragement for mothers to labour for this great purpose. There are many cases on record, when the connection between means and end is so apparent, as to be noticeable. Have you read the memoirs of those remarkable men, the Haldanes of Scotland?"

"I have not read their biography, but I know they were instrumental of the salvation, probably, of hundreds and hundreds, in Europe."

"Let me read some passages to you. They are very interesting, I think, as illustrating this subject. Their father died when the eldest was four years old, and two weeks before the other was born. When asked, shortly before his death, as to his hopes for eternity, his reply, 'I have full confidence in Jesus,' indicated the simplicity, as well as the sincerity of his faith. But it was their mother's influence, which seemed to have so much effect upon them. She died when they were about six and ten years old. 'She lived,' said her eldest son, 'very near to God, and much grace was given to her.' When left a widow, it became her chief concern to bring up her

children in the 'nurture and admonition of the Lord.' From their infancy she laboured to instil into their minds a sense of the importance of eternity, particularly impressing upon them the necessity of prayer, and teaching them to commit to memory, and understand portions of the catechism and of Scripture.

" 'Her instructions,' says her youngest son, in a memorandum found among his papers, 'were so far useful, that, even when she was not present, I made a conscience of prayer. What she said concerning sin and punishment, also produced a considerable impression on my mind. I was desirous of avoiding sin, yet frequently committed those sins, to which children are particularly exposed. I well knew that this was wrong, and, having been told that infants would go to heaven, I regretted that I had not died before I had sense to discern what was wrong.'

"He proceeds, 'My mother died when I was very young, I believe under six; yet I am convinced, that the early impression made on my mind, by her care, was never entirely effaced; and to this, as an eminent means in the hand of God, I impute my serious thoughts, which, in the midst of my folly, would sometimes intrude upon my mind, as well as that still small

voice of conscience, which afterward led me to see that all below was vanity, without an interest in that inheritance which can never fade away.' He adds, 'I mention this more particularly, because it may lead Christian parents to sow in hope the seed of divine truth in the minds of their children, and may prevent their considering their efforts unavailing, even when the things which they have taught seem to have been uttered in vain. No means of grace is, I apprehend, more, perhaps none is so much, blessed of God, as early religious instruction.'

"The instructions of this devoted mother were not weakened, or counteracted, as often happens, by apparent inconsistency. Her life was a life of practical godliness, and of cheerful trust in the Saviour. Often, when she had seen her children in bed, and supposed they were asleep, she was overheard by them, and particularly by her elder son, on her knees by their bedside, earnestly praying that the Lord would be pleased to guide them through that world which she felt that she was herself soon to leave; that their lives might be devoted to His service upon earth; and finally, that they might be brought to His everlasting kingdom."

"Well, truly, Mrs. Morgan, that mother has

her reward. But how long was it before the conversion of her sons?"

"It was some time. It was a boyish desire of the oldest to fit himself for the ministry, but it was deemed in those days 'quite contrary to ordinary usage in Scotland, that one of his fortune and position should become a minister.' So these boys were both trained for the navy. They were well educated, and had many friends, but none, I think, seemed to have their mother's spirit. 'It was a frequent custom of the two boys, after they had retired to bed, to converse together about the things to which their departed mother had attached so much importance; and this habit was no doubt in itself beneficial to both, tending to cherish in their hearts a hidden spark of love to Jesus Christ, and the things of heaven.' But they both became very worldly, and only distinguished for their bravery and manly courage at sea and in battle. The writer says, 'Are we then to suppose that the instructions of this sainted mother had not fallen, like the good seed, into good ground? Had it been scattered by the wayside, or on stony ground, or among thorns, and so perished without yielding fruit? Had her prayers been offered up in vain? Had the confidence of that faith,

which burned so bright in the hour of her departure, been, on behalf of her children, a vain trust in the promises of the gospel? Had she miscalculated the meaning of those declarations made on behalf of the offspring of believing, prayerful, and persevering parents? It will be seen that the blossoms of early piety had, indeed, nearly disappeared—that they had proved like the early cloud and morning dew. But yet the faithful labours of the trustful mother had not been in vain. Her prayers had ascended before the mercy-seat ‘perfumed with much incense,’ and were registered in heaven. The good seed was only buried, not lost; and by and by, after a long winter, it was destined to spring up in the ‘power of an endless life,’ instinct with blessings for her children, and her children’s children: nay, for thousands, who were to receive the gospel from their voice or from their writings.’ One must have been about twenty-six, and the other thirty, when they first turned their attention to religious things. Both lived to be old men, and the immense good they accomplished, can never be estimated in time.

“Their mother might have felt that her sphere of usefulness was a very small one—as many mothers now do—but surely, she was

the instrument of bringing about wonderful results.

“I think it is a great mistake, Mrs. Warren, which many mothers make. They look upon their confinement to their family as something to be endured, and that means of usefulness must be sought elsewhere. But a mother’s first duty is to her family; and, to a great extent, she is responsible for the formation of their characters, and the influence they exert upon society.”

Mrs. Warren was silent, for the image of her poor Lee rose before her mind, to fill her with remorse for the past, and bitter forebodings for the future.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE PARTING.

BUT the spring of 18— had come, and Charles Morgan left the scene of his long course of study and preparation for life's labour. He had not been an idler in the vineyard of the Lord even there. While he felt assured that his great business then had reference to the future merely—he found many ways to labour for the advancement of God's kingdom. He had won for himself the regard of all around. His teachers and class-mates had confidence in his Christian character, and he went to his missionary labour abroad with a testimony that he had already evinced a true missionary spirit at home,—the desire to see the kingdom of God come in the hearts of all men.

For this end he laboured wherever his lot was cast, and the cause of Christ was not reproached for his worldliness and vanity. He remembered that we are commanded “to

live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world ;” and the things of time seemed too serious in their connection with the things of eternity to be sported with. But uniformly cheerful he enjoyed the things of life without abusing them—though his highest happiness was the repose of a spirit united to Christ, the living Head, and drawing therefrom that vigour and strength which alone could enable him to bear the trying vicissitudes which undoubtedly awaited him in life.

It could not be said to be a happy time at the widow Morgan’s when Charles returned for the last time. But it was a peaceful home, and the days which he was to spend among his friends passed rapidly. The interest connected with the departure of the missionaries from S——, rendered their private affairs public. Preparations were made in public, and the subject discussed in every circle. It was at length decided that Mr. Lockhart should come to S—— to be ordained at the same time with his friend, owing in part to his father’s feelings upon the subject, and in part to the desire of Miss Kingsbury.

It was a beautiful day in June that the hearts of many were glad when they said, “Come, and let us go into the house of the

Lord." It was a high day in S——. Many fathers in Israel were gathered there to commission their young brethren to go and preach the gospel to every creature. The services were deeply interesting and solemn, and none felt their import more intensely than the young apostles, who trembled at the responsibility they had assumed. Many tears were wept that day, and many a heart-felt aspiration for more of devotedness of spirit to the great work of the world's conversion ascended to heaven.

Mrs. Lockhart had accompanied her son to witness the scene, and found a place in the heart and home of Mrs. Morgan. Poor Mary Kingsbury, so deeply interested in the ceremonies of the day, became almost lost in the one thought that, while three mothers present that day, grieved at the thought of parting with their loved ones, her own dear mother might be present in spirit; but, doubtless, she was rejoicing that her lone orphan was counted worthy to lay down her life (if need be) in honour of the Lamb that was slain. Mary had many ties to bind her to S——, but he, to whom she had given a true heart's affection, was to go forth in the world, to labour or to die, and she was ready cheerfully to take her place by his side and wait the issues of

time. All wondered at her calmness through the service of the day; but she could have told them that, while she listened to all that was said, and joined mechanically in the various ceremonies, her thoughts were far away on a distant land, or in communings with a mother's spirit, or still more intensely fixed in the contemplation of God's unchanging love; and she counted it joy to lay herself down, a living sacrifice at Jesus' feet.

But Ellen's heart beat tumultuously, and every nerve was tasked to its greatest power of endurance. She was younger and less experienced than her friend, and had stronger links which bound her to home. The blood rushed to her head till it almost burst; but a gush of tears gave vent to her feelings. Still, it was in vain for her to assume the placid look, or force the smile of calm happiness which Miss Kingsbury wore so unconsciously; and with swollen, blinded eyes, though with a heart not wanting either in courage or in consecration, she listened to the holy counsels and fervent prayers which were offered on that occasion.

The ordination service had occupied the evening and been rather long; but, after it was over and the benediction pronounced, not a person moved in the vast multitude. A few

moments elapsed when Charles and Arthur took their chosen ones to share life's comforts and sorrows, its cares and rewards. It was a simple ceremony which joined those faithful hearts.

A few days sufficed to complete the preparations for their departure. True to their promise, every thing needed had been provided by their Christian friends in S——. Among the choice gifts was a valuable collection of books for their old teacher, presented by her former pupils with one name inscribed in each as a memento of affection.

Mrs. Lockhart was delighted with the gentle Mary as a daughter; and, while she rejoiced that her beloved son had such a one to go with him in his far off wanderings, she almost mourned that she could not retain her near herself to comfort and solace her in her loneliness. But in every thing she showed a mother's tenderness toward the friendless orphan, and gave her the same delicate tokens of thoughtful, affectionate care, as if she had long shared a place in her heart.

Mrs. Morgan made the preparations for her son's departure with the same quiet dignity and Christian firmness which ever characterized her. She had made an offering unto the Lord, and should it be without a cheerful

heart? It must not be. And, though her fortitude had well nigh failed her in the hour of trial, she had sought and obtained grace from the Lord to help in this her time of need. It was with the same holy trust mirrored on her face which we sometimes see on the countenance of a dying believer, that she prepared to take a final leave of her only son. Peaceful in the consciousness of having tried to do her duty to those committed to her charge, she felt that she should soon be where partings are unknown, and that it would then be happiness to think that God was using her son, as a messenger to make known His will among the children of men, and that every worldly prospect she might now covet for him, would then sink into insignificance.

Sarah and Ellen strove to be reconciled to the separation from their only brother; but their faith was not so strong, nor its triumph so complete as their mother's. They often received almost a rebuke from him that they did not rather encourage his heart and strengthen his hands, than leave him to act as a comforter for them.

It had been a great trial to Anna that Lee could not be persuaded to come home, witness her marriage, and bid her adieu. But he

would not come. He made first one excuse and then another till they ceased to urge him. The truth was that the faithful zeal and holy fervour of Charles's life, was a continual reproach to him. They had known each other from childhood, and the paths they were to tread through life promised to be endlessly diverging lines.

It would be useless to attempt to describe the feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Warren. Mr. Warren, as usual, said but little; but his brow grew furrowed and his strength failed him day by day. Lee's conduct weighed heavily upon his mind, and Willy was a source of constant anxiety, lest he, too, should prove another victim of his unfaithfulness. When Alice died his heart strings began to break; and now that his high-minded, faithful and intelligent Anna was to leave him, the light of his house seemed to grow dim, as if it would go out in darkness forever. Mr. and Mrs. Warren had always given consent that Anna should go, but it had not been that full surrender of self—that laying upon God's altar all earthly things—and when the time of trial came they could not claim the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee," nor feel the strength which comes from on high to succour the weak.

Mrs. Warren wept away the hours that remained after Anna's marriage, and when she had gone, sunk into a stupor of grief from which time alone aroused her.

The missionaries were to sail from B_____ in company with some others, and accordingly went there at a specified time. Mr. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Day and Sarah accompanied them to the city. Mrs. Lockhart also went with them and was there joined by her husband to take a long farewell of their only child. With a father's fondness for a gifted son, and a father's disappointed ambition, too, he had struggled to the last, but could not let him go without again seeing him.

The usual religious services were over and they had all gone to the ship to say the last kind parting word, and bid the last adieu. In a calm voice, but with a manner solemn as the grave, young Lockhart made the parting prayer; commending to the God of all grace those left behind, and to Him who holds the winds and waves in his hands, those who would soon be borne on the bosom of the watery waste. A parting hymn was sung, farewells said, and the ship spread her gallant sails, and sped away with its rich freight of human life and happiness.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DISGRACEFUL FLIGHT.

FOR sometime previous to Anna's leaving home, she had many anxious fears of the danger and ruin which threatened Lee in the course he was pursuing. If she had known his boldness in sin she would have grieved still more deeply over him.

He had been at home but once since he left S——, though his place of residence was little more than a day's ride. When he first went from a father's house and found himself among strangers, he was lonely and thoughtful. His past life came up in review, and he resolved to attend strictly to his business, and gain the respect of his employers.

As he became acquainted with one and another young man, he began to enjoy the freedom from home-restraints, and to stifle the still voice within, which reminded him so often of the past. Especially upon the Sabbath, he

breathed more freely, since he could absent himself from church, and indulge in light reading or idle walking without that pleading look from his mother, or the open rebuke from Anna, which so often marred his enjoyment in S——, in spite of his determination to pursue his own course. He had long since outgrown the Sunday-school and prayer meeting, though for a time he maintained the semblance of decent regard for the services of the sanctuary. Far from shunning temptation, he rather courted the friendship of those who were ready to lend a helping hand in his rapid descent down the road of folly and of vice; and, not being sustained by any moral principle, he soon learned to follow where any one would lead. The swaggering air and low, vulgar dialect which may be seen and heard around the saloon, circus and bar-room, soon became habitual to him. To smoke his cigar as he lounged about, or to drive furiously around the town with some boon companion, constituted his chosen employments upon the holy day; and his evenings were spent in folly and dissipation. Gradually, he sunk down in the scale of wickedness.

Before his sister left her native land, he had learned to frequent the billiard-room

and gaming table, and even blacker haunts of vice. He had long since partaken with pleasure of the intoxicating cup, and now all confidence in him was lost, and all hope of reform abandoned. His employers had maintained a show of kind feeling toward him till the last point of forbearance was passed, when the leading partner wrote the following letter to Mr. Warren, about six months after the events of the last chapter :—

“DEAR SIR :—I am under the painful necessity of informing you that it is no longer possible for us to retain your son in our employ. We have borne with him much longer than was for our interest, out of the respect we felt for an old friend, and a faint hope that Lee would yet change his course and prove himself worthy of such a father. But our influence over him is at an end, and the sooner he can be induced to leave his present associates the better for him.

“We have not communicated the contents of this to your son as yet, preferring to confer with you in regard to the best course to be pursued with him. Let us hear from you immediately.

“Respectfully, yours,

“_____.”

Mr. Warren's eyes were now fairly opened to the condition of Lee. He could cast no

reproach on those who had borne with him so long, and with bitterness of heart he wrote to have Lee come home at once. But three days after the receipt of the first letter a second came, which blighted every hope of reformation :

‘DEAR SIR:—We wrote a day or two since to you in regard to your son, and have now to add that he has filled up the measure of his wickedness here and gone—we know not where. We discovered yesterday a loss of two hundred dollars, and, while taking measures to discover the offender, Lee disappeared. We have now no doubt, that he has taken small sums at various times, to support his course of extravagance and dissipation, as his salary was manifestly inadequate to such drafts upon it. We fear he has left many debts unpaid.

“We have taken no legal steps in respect to him, out of regard to yourself and family, entirely. With deep sympathy for you in this great trial, we remain,

“Yours, &c.

“_____.”

The mourning and anguish with which Mr. and Mrs. Warren had seen their loved Alice droop and die, bore no comparison to the grief which distracted their minds when they received this intelligence. Another blow was struck at Mr. Warren’s heart. His family

disgraced, his hopes crushed, his son a fugitive from justice, were thoughts which passed rapidly through his mind, and usurped the place of every thing else. Moody and abstracted, he prepared for a search for his lost son. He went first to the place of his abode and paid the last cent due from Lee there ; and making all possible inquiries concerning him, found it probable that he had gone to New York, with a design of going to sea. Thither he followed him, but without finding any trace of him.

Weary and sick at heart, Mr. Warren returned to his quiet home, but happiness had fled forever from that roof. The mother mourned and wept over her lost son, and the father sought to drown reflection in his business, but his sorrow ate like a canker. It preyed upon both mind and body.

But let us go back and trace the steps of the wandering one. Lee had overheard some remarks in the store which led him to think that he should soon be dismissed ; and the fact of a letter having been written to his father also came to his knowledge. He at once suspected the truth ; and, in the evening of the same day, repaired to the gaming table, and played with desperation, and with a determination to win enough to take him away to some place

where he could pursue his course unknown. But the fickle fortune of the gambler proved adverse to him. A second night he tried with no success, but found himself involved in debt; when, in a fit of madness and intoxication, he returned to the store and robbed the safe of the money. He was prepared for this step, as his employers suspected, by many petty drafts upon the money-drawer and false prices with customers. But the soberness of morning brought with it a sense of danger; and the last spark of honest shame which glowed within his breast being extinguished, he fled to New York under a feigned name, where, finding a ship bound on a three years whaling voyage in the North Pacific, he lost no time in securing a place. He was on board the vessel when his father in search of him came on deck, to inquire of the captain concerning him. But recognising him on shore, he hastened below and effectually concealed himself from his sight. If he had known that no arrest awaited him, he would gladly have abandoned the idea of a voyage, for already his heart sickened at the thought. But he dreaded the punishment which must follow a trial so much, that any thing else seemed preferable. From his lurking place he saw his father return from

the ship, and watched him, as, with haggard face and drooping form, he passed to another vessel, there to renew his fruitless search. There was a young man in New York who had formerly been one of Lee's chosen associates. The sailing of the Orinoco being delayed a few days, in the desolation of his heart Lee hunted him up, and represented to him that he was merely seeking to get away from parental restraint in thus fleeing from his native land. Through this young man, intelligence was conveyed to the place of Lee's abode, and thence information was received by Mr. Warren of his final destination. It was a satisfaction, though a poor one, to know where he had strayed. But the suspense which had previously hung over his fate deepened the cloud of distress that had darkened the lives of the Warrens so much, that it was a relief even to know that for three years he must meet the changes and vicissitudes of a life at sea.

It was seldom that much was said respecting Lee in the family circle. William was now the only remaining one, and his parents shrunk from saying much to him of his brother's sad career. But the evening after the intelligence concerning him was received, he was the subject of conversation. Willy at length retired,

and Mr. Warren sat in gloomy silence for a while, then sullenly exclaimed, "Maria, I used to think I was a Christian, but I begin now to doubt even the truth of the Bible."

Mrs. Warren had noticed with pain the change which had taken place in Mr. Warren of late. He had not attended church nor seemed to enjoy any religious service; but, with the reserve characteristic of the family upon such subjects and which had been the great error in their home management, she did not know till this moment what feelings had taken possession of Mr. Warren's mind. Shocked at his remark, she burst into tears—but finally said:

"O, husband, how can you say so? It would take a great deal to shake my faith in that which gave so much comfort to our precious Alice and wrought such a change in Anna."

She had touched a chord of his spirit that vibrated with tenderest emotion, and with an altered manner and trembling voice, he replied:

"Well, I *know* it is true; but when I think of the promises made to parents for their children, and then think of Lee and William, my faith fails me."

This was a subject about which, as we have seen, Mrs. Warren had been feeling very

deeply, and in much humility and contrition of heart had acquired a more correct view of it than her husband.

“I know,” she replied, “it is said, ‘Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.’ But it is something we must answer to our own conscience and our God, whether we have trained our children as we ought. If we are faithful on our part, will not a covenant-keeping God remember his pledges? It is not yet too late for Him to have mercy on our sons, and should we not rather be earnest in prayer to secure blessings upon them, than by distrusting the truth and faithfulness of a merciful God bring down his anger upon us?”

Mr. Warren perceived that his wife was far in advance of him in the benefit she had derived from their afflictions in life. Her words pierced him to the heart, and he felt condemned for the past. Again he lived over the days when his children were around them, and thought how dimly his light had burned before them, and ceased to wonder that his formal attachment to the service of Christ had failed to win the love of those young hearts.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DYING TESTIMONY.

FROM the time of this conversation with his wife, Mr. Warren seemed like a different man. He had been gloomy and even morose before, but he now seemed overcome with a deeper grief and a more settled sadness rested upon his face. For a while he had been tempted to judge harshly of the dispensations of Providence, and to murmur in his heart at the dealings of the Almighty. But now, like the foul worm concealed within the beautiful rosebud which eats out the heart and leaves the exterior perfect and fair for a season, so remorse preyed upon every source of consolation that might have sustained him amidst his trials. Whenever bitter reproaches against Lee arose in his heart, they recoiled upon himself with double poignancy, till, with a morbid sensibility, he came to regard himself as the destroyer of his son. He realized the errors he

committed in the young years of his children, and magnified his own faults till he almost lost sight of the responsibility of his son for his own conduct, and blamed himself with all the bitterness of an accusing conscience. His health soon gave way and it became apparent to all that Mr. Warren was rapidly hastening to the grave.

With that strange elasticity of woman's nature, as Mr. Warren sank under the pressure of domestic trials, his wife regained a tone of strength and spirits which enabled her to support him who should have borne up the most stoutly against the buffetings of adversity. But while she had sought refuge in the hour of suffering under the wings of the Angel of the covenant, he had been driven to the very gate of despair. The blackness of midnight darkness settled down upon his soul in prospect of death. The God in whom he had trusted in former days seemed to have forsaken him ; and, while he mourned his absence, he felt that it was no more than he deserved for having served his Lord so coldly, and consecrated to his service so small a portion of his talents through the long years of his past life. Others had regarded him as a consistent Christian ; but he cared nothing now for the judgment of

men, and only felt that the all-searching eye, that had known the very springs of action, had often found him actuated by mere habit, by pride, by many unholy motives in doing what the world called good. But, above all, he felt guilty before God for lack of faithfulness toward his children. He realized that he had not observed Sabbath duties as he should, nor kept the fire burning brightly on the family altar. But what if his business did demand his time and attention, were not the souls of his children of far more consequence? For their salvation he felt that he should have laboured intensely. He should have made sacrifices of time and money, if need be, and given himself up with more of self-devotion to the cause of Christ. Such reflections harrowed up his soul and he found no relief.

Mrs. Warren was distressed on his account, and the sense of coming bereavement was almost lost in the intenseness of her desire that the light of the Sun of Righteousness should once more beam brightly on his soul. She conversed with him; prayed often and earnestly for him and their sons, and finally begged Mr. Mason to converse with him upon this subject.

Mr. Mason was at first surprised to find the

mind of Mr. Warren thus beclouded, and spoke of the temptations of Satan. But Mr. Warren sadly shook his head and said, "Ah no, Mr. Mason, it is no temptation of Satan. It is the infinite goodness of God which has shown me my short-comings in duty, and led me, I trust, to penitence." He then recounted the past, and dwelt so long upon the connection which he now felt to exist between domestic influence and the salvation of children, and mourned so much over the folly of Lee and the continued impenitence of William, that Mr. Mason felt that his eyes were truly opened to see his past unfaithfulness. With much plainness he pointed out the light in which parental neglect is viewed in the Scriptures; then gently led the mind of the sorrowing penitent to the cross to lay his burden there.

Many were the interviews he held with Mr. Warren; and, by degrees, he found peace and joy taking possession of his despairing mind. He leaned his head upon the Saviour's bosom, breathed out his sorrows there and found a sympathizing heart. He had declined gradually in health and now sank rapidly. The sands of life were running low, and it was thought he had not many more days to live, when a letter arrived which gave sad tidings of their

wandering son. It was from Havana, and was as follows:—

“DEAR SIR :—A sailor on board this vessel, who calls himself Tom Brown, requests me to write to you. He is now lying very low with yellow fever, and probably has but a few hours to live. I am the surgeon on board, and to me he has given the particulars of his life, at lucid intervals. He has told me that he fled from home for theft, and sailed on board the Orinoco on a whaling voyage; but that, homesick and desperate and hating the sea, he refused to obey orders on board, and was transferred in irons at Rio Janeiro to this ship, returning to New York, to be tried for mutinous conduct. As this vessel will be detained in Havana, I forward this letter to you immediately. Your son wishes me to say that he mourns for the past, and begs your forgiveness and prayers; but, doubtless, ere this reaches you, he will be where prayers will be of no avail.

“Yours, in haste,

“_____.”

Mr. Warren heard the letter in silence, but its effect was plainly visible. He failed rapidly during the day. In the evening, Mr. Mason called to minister consolation to the afflicted ones, when Mr. Warren requested him to write

for him a farewell to the church, to be read at his funeral. His desire was complied with. He expressed strong confidence as he went down into the dark valley that all was well with him. He spoke of his erring boy with great tenderness, took his last farewell of William, with many solemn words of exhortation to make his peace with God, and whispered words of consolation to her, who, with streaming eyes and a broken, bleeding heart, supported his head upon her bosom in this last hour of extremity, and wiped the death drops from his brow. "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me," said he, "but I will fear no evil."

"Then was the silver cord loosed and the golden bowl broken, and the pitcher broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern. Then the dust returned to earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it."

Mr. Warren had so long been known in business, that many gathered around to pay the last sad tokens of respect to departed worth. It was with a thrill of solemn feeling that the vast multitude collected in the church that day, heard Mr. Mason read the farewell letter of Mr. Warren indited in his last hours. It was an earnest exhortation to the members

of the church to be faithful in the performance of religious duty, and closed with the following :—

. “But above all, my brethren, be faithful in the family. Here is your special field of action. As the result of a sad experience learned, alas, too late,—I warn you of the necessity of improving the fleeting years of childhood, if you would make the deepest impressions on the hearts of those committed to your trust. Do not think it a light thing to neglect family and social prayer. Your children lay it to heart. You who shrink from offering up incense to God before your child, remember, that child learns early to attribute your backwardness to want of love for the holy service. If you cannot spend time to attend the prayer meeting or labour in the Sunday school, remember your children argue from it too truly, that you love the world better than your God. You who are careless in the observance of the Sabbath day, and talk of worldly matters then, it is in vain that your child recites, “Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.” Example is stronger than precept. You who can talk before your child of science or of art, of politics or of trade, or any subject in the world except religion, and are so strangely dumb

upon this one theme of godliness, remember, your child reasons correctly, that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." O, parents, if you could but see—as I now see it—the importance of being living epistles of God, known and read of all over whom your influence extends, you would labour mightily and pray devoutly for it.

"Brethren, suffer a word of exhortation. Let me beg of you who have children given you to rear, that you commence in their earliest years of understanding, to press upon them the importance of religion. Let them see it is the one all-absorbing theme of your contemplation, and make every thing else subservient to it. No matter if your words are feeble, God will clothe them with power. Pray much with them, and for them, and never rest satisfied till they become lambs of the fold. Take them yourself to the house of God, and see to it that they attend the Sunday-school; but do not neglect *home influence*. It far exceeds all other. Yourselves, live humble, earnest, prayerful lives, and your example will then add weight to your teachings, and your dying bed never be embittered with the sense of guilt for an unfaithful life, and the terrible dread of bearing to all eternity the blood of

the souls of your own offspring—lost, eternally lost through your neglect.

“Let one, being dead, yet speak to you.”

Many a mother that night in S——, as she clasped her babe to her bosom, offered heart-felt petitions that her child might never follow Lee Warren’s course, nor bring the gray hairs of his parents with sorrow to the grave. And many a father on bended knee at the family altar, prayed more devoutly for consecration to God; and vowed, more solemnly than ever before, that as for him and his house they would serve the Lord.

The lone widow, in sorrow and silence, wept out her griefs at a footstool of mercy, until the oil of joy was given her for mourning, and a garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. In the agony of her soul, she besought the Lord for her last remaining stay on earth,—her darling William,—that he might become an heir of salvation. She trusted His promise that the prayer of faith will be heard, and quietly waited for the salvation of the Lord, but never ceased to pray and labour.

The death of his father depressed the joyous spirit of William; and, from that time, he turned, in some degree, from the things of this life, which he had so eagerly pursued.

Had the far-off Anna known the sad events transpiring at home, her happiness would indeed have been turned to mourning. She had looked upon her father before they parted forever, with sad presentiments. The lines of care and sorrow were already deeply traced upon his brow, and it had lost that open, happy look she well remembered. His form seemed to her more bowed, and the step less elastic than usual. But she did not know how, even then, his soul was sinking beneath the weight of retrospection, and the apprehension of coming evil. Mr. Warren was a man who loved his children fondly, and had laboured day and night for them. It was his great error, as he afterwards felt so deeply, that he had not sought their spiritual as much as their temporal welfare. But the early death of Alice, the sundering of the ties which bound Anna to his home, and the mournful fate of Lee were more than he could bear. They preyed upon his spirits till life seemed a weary burden, and he fell; not like one who, in the full tide of battle, is struck down in the harness, fighting valiantly for the crown of victory; but rather like a poor soldier overcome with shame for a cowardly desertion, wearied in his pilgrimage and dreading the

results of the future, he staggered by the way-side, and drooped and died.

O, Christian parent, be strong in the Lord ! Put on the whole armour of God. Come up to the help of the Lord—the help of the Lord against the mighty ; and the great Captain of your salvation will reward you. It is for the souls of your children you wrestle. Do not be weary nor fear, for you shall come off conquerors, and “more than conquerors through Him that loved us.” For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, and the blessings of the gospel are promised to “you and to your children.”



CHAPTER XVII.

THE LOGBOOK.

MONTHS had now rolled by since the missionaries left their native land to carry tidings of salvation to those among whom their lot should be cast. India was their destined field of labour. One letter only was received from them at sea, and that but a brief note written with a ship homeward bound in sight, merely to gratify their friends, and promise them a full account of all their travels when they reached Calcutta. It was but a short time previous to the death of Mr. Warren that the promised journal came.

We will extract portions of Anna's part.

TO THE DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME :—

It is so many long, long months since we parted from you that I feel as if writing in utter uncertainty of your present situation, and have a sort of fear that what I write may seem inappropriate. But I

suppose we shall become accustomed to that feeling after a while, if our lives are spared.

But here we are in India, and I know your anxiety will be great to hear of our safe arrival and continued health. But we promised a sort of journal, and since our dear husbands were so occupied with studies even on board, preparatory to their great work hereafter, Mary and I have kept the logbook. I have not maintained the journal form entirely, but, when I had a convenient opportunity, have written down not only passing events but such thoughts and feelings as I might be indulging.

June 2d.—It is now two days since we lost sight of B——. We are now “far, far away.” Oh that sad hour of parting haunts my memory yet! Each recollection of my dear mother is associated with that last straining look, as she stood weeping upon the steps, when the carriage which conveyed us to the cars turned that corner which hid her from our eyes. And every time the image of my beloved father rises to mind, I recall that parting hymn and prayer upon shipboard, that hasty farewell and the streaming eyes and waving handkerchiefs as the steamboat bore away all the dear friends who had so kindly gone out with us as far as possible to bid us God-speed upon our journey. Oh these sad partings! Thanks be to God there is a world where partings are unknown. I cannot boast of fortitude to pass through them unmoved, and my record for the day

must be of great depression both of mind and body. I wept myself sick, but not with regret at the step I had taken. I would not have returned if I could just then, though I strained my eyes almost to bursting so long as objects were discernible on shore. It was a lovely evening, scarce a ripple stirred the bosom of the deep. The sails hung loosely and flapped lazily in the idle breath, which sported around as if in mockery of the sailors' impatience that would rather meet the storm than brook the calm. But as the light faded away in the west, a slight breeze sprang up and we moved steadily along. I never had such a feeling of utter desolation before, and, in spite of all my resolutions of bravery, gave way to my feelings, till Charles led me to a quiet nook upon the deck. I leaned my aching head upon his shoulder in silence and wept blinding, scalding tears. The cool evening wind fanned my burning brow, and better thoughts came to my mind. My affections kindled anew for him with whom I was to share so lonely a lot, and my desolate heart found sweet comfort in the thought that henceforth I was necessary for his happiness on earth. And then the precious confidence that one other Friend would always be with us, come weal or woe, lightened my grief and dried my tears.

"Anna," said Charles, almost reproachingly and yet gently, "you counted the cost, did you not,

before you made up your mind to go so far away from all the endearments of home?"

"Oh, yes, Charles, and I do not for a moment regret that I took up my cross to follow my Saviour wherever he may lead. But the tears will come."

But he repeated such sweet promises of holy writ, and whispered such a gentle petition for strength from above, that the little retreat became a Bethel to our souls; and, when we mingled our voices with others as we sang an evening hymn, my feelings were calmed, the bitterness of the hour was past, and I have been tranquil and happy ever since.

June 4th.—We have been arranging a course of study for our long voyage. Mr. Lockhart and Charles are examining, so far as they have opportunity, into the language, but spend most of the time in the study of the Bible itself. Mary and I join them when we can. We have now had time to look around and see who are our companions. We find we have but few passengers and most of those quite pleasant ones. Our captain is not a pious man, but is gentlemanly and disposed to reverence religion. He encourages his men to attend prayers on board every day, and has readily given permission to have preaching upon the Sabbath, if the weather will allow. Still he is a sailor, and our ears are often pained with profane language. There is a field for usefulness on board, which I trust we, as missionaries, shall not be slow to improve so far as possible.

Our ship is an East India trader, and a very good vessel, and we have every reason to hope for a safe and prosperous issue to our voyage.

We have not seen many of the wonders of the sea so often described by travellers. But there is an inexpressible grandeur in this vast expanse of water which excites powerful emotions in one unaccustomed to it. But I presume we shall be glad enough to leave it by the time we reach our destination. But few on board have suffered from sickness as yet.

July 1st.—We have had some of the vicissitudes of the sea recently. What would have been a heavy thunder shower on land passed over us, though we had more wind and lightning than rain. It was truly terrific. I cannot describe a storm at sea. It must be seen to be appreciated. It seemed to us, of course, amid all the banging and rattling and rolling of things on board, that we were in imminent danger. But the captain laughed at our fears when we told him of it, and seemed to think it was not much of an affair after all. But the truth is, most of us soon became so sick that we ceased to feel much fear of any thing. Our run had been so smooth that we had been but little annoyed by distressing sickness, but that storm was the commencement of rougher times and for a fortnight past we have endured enough to pay for our good fortune at first.

July 19th.—We are truly a happy band. Though

so far from home we are in the enjoyment of so many privileges that we can only sing of mercy. Our Sabbaths have been precious. We have had preaching on almost every one of them, and I hope some good has been done. We have distributed tracts and Bibles among the seamen and held a good many conversations with them. The captain seems almost convinced that even he should be the Lord's. There is less of profaneness, and drinking and story-telling than at first.

Aug. 8th.—We have seen that solemn sight—a burial at sea. A man died on board yesterday. He was a passenger who was on a voyage for his health. He has been sinking rapidly for several days. He was a professor of religion, but did not seem to enjoy very clear views of spiritual things till toward the last of his life. He loved to have Charles sit by him, talk or read to him, and often asked him to bend the knee in prayer. It has been a privilege to console and instruct him. He died suddenly at last, but we hope not without some preparation to meet his God. Last night the moon was almost full, and with only its light, we gathered on deck to listen to a burial service. Mr. Lockhart performed the ceremony, and the dead was committed to the deep, there to remain, till at the voice of the last trump the sea shall give up its dead. Mary clung to my arm with nervous grasp, and, when the final plunge was heard, she shuddered and whispered,

“Oh bury me not in the deep, deep sea.” The words sounded almost ominous in my ear. I was sorry she came on deck. Dear Mary, she is so fragile, I almost fear she never can endure the future. But she seems rather stronger now since she recovered from sea sickness. The captain says we shall pass St. Helena before many days.

Aug. 30th.—We have seen the sea-girt rock, where the bones of the warrior were laid. Lonely island of the ocean! Let me rather choose for him I love, some low mound in a distant land, which marks the resting place of the servant of God.

Sept. 20th.—We have passed the dreaded Cape, and experienced a succession of gales, which have almost blown away our ideas, prospects and hopes. But we are righted once more, and with fair sailing may hope, ere another month has passed away, to see our adopted country. We begin to pine for the smell of fresh verdure, and to be weary of our long confinement. But we need not complain; rather “bless the Lord, O our souls, and all that is within us bless his holy name.”

Oct. 15th.—The shores of India plainly in view! Sweet breezes loaded with delicious fragrance are wafted to us from the spicy land. Oh what a glorious country, if Satan had not here reared his throne! Hasten the day, blessed Jesus! when all the nations of the earth shall become the kingdoms of the Lord.

Oct. 22d.—We have passed the vexatious Sun-

derbunds—the sandy islands around the mouth of the river—and sailed up the far-famed Hoogly, and now lie just before the magnificent city of Calcutta—magnificent in wealth, palaces, and wickedness. The dense population of India is the constant theme of remark among foreigners. Mud cottages, pagodas, and English residences, stand thick upon the banks, both sides of the river. Trees and beautiful fields are all around. Oh how refreshing! Many strange sights greet our eyes. We have seen the *catemaran*, *massula* boat, and *dhony*—native small craft. The *catemaran* is made of several logs of wood, twenty or thirty feet long, lashed together. On this boat the natives kneel and paddle away out to sea. The *massula* boat is fitted to pass through the surf. It is long and narrow, and the planks are sewed together with a cordage. The *dhonies* are a kind of sloop which sail along the coast for the purpose of trading.

The natives look strangely enough in their dress of white, not ungraceful, though so peculiar. The din and confusion around us are overwhelming. Our husbands are gone away to make arrangements about going ashore, and we must wait with patience. I cannot describe new things for every thing is new. My heart sickens at the thought that we are to live among such companions. But then I think of our great mission to them, blinded as they are by superstition and idolatry, and my whole soul goes

out in pitying love for them, and a desire to see God glorified in their salvation. But oh what years of patient labor and sowing of seed will be required, before we may hope for a harvest !

Sept. 24th.—We are in Calcutta, hospitably received by other missionaries and comfortably situated. We are to remain here a few days to recruit and prepare for a tedious journey up the river to our destined location.

The journal from which we have selected the preceding minutes closed thus :

“And now, my dear parents, unite with us in giving heartfelt thanks for our safety and happiness. I am not sad or lonely now, but count it more and more a privilege to give myself to this great work.

“Mary will send her journal to Mrs. Lockhart. This must answer for you and Charles’ mother. He will also write by the same mail to her. Remember me affectionately to all, and pray much for your daughter on a foreign shore.”

Not many weeks elapsed before another letter announced their arrival at their home in “good health and spirits.”

“We have rented a house and opened our goods, and are surprised and delighted with the bounty of those who have prepared so many comforts for us. We have our native teachers now, and about all we can do is to study the language and scatter some

books and tracts furnished us for this purpose. We shall remain at this post, with other missionaries now on the ground, till prepared for giving instruction, and then be governed by circumstances as to a future location.

“Pray for us, that the Lord of the harvest may make us faithful laborers; for ‘the harvest truly is great and the labourers few.’”



CHAPTER XVIII.

A WORD TO PARENTS.

WE have accomplished the object of this little work, if the importance, nay, the absolute necessity of *home influence* upon the character, and especially, the religious character of a family, has been developed. It has seemed to us that many Christian parents utterly forget or else very lightly esteem their responsibility in the salvation of their children.

Religion is, indeed, a subject of intellect. It is, in the highest sense, capable of being reasoned about, and hence it comes that the child, whose faculties are not yet developed, is reckoned unfit to be instructed in its mysteries. "Do not attempt to warp the infant mind with the prejudices of doctrine. Let the child wait till he is old enough to understand and choose for himself his religious views;" this is what we often hear. Thus the specious pretext of freedom from the bias of sectarian

opinions, is made the cloak to cover a total want of religious instruction. Does the parent desirous of forming a profound scholar, refuse to have his son instructed in the elements of numbers, because he cannot yet grapple with algebraic problems, or compare the different systems of mathematical science? He would be wise in comparison with him who neglects to indoctrinate the young mind in the plain requirements and commands of our holy religion. For, while he slumbers and sleeps, behold, an enemy sows tares!

But how speak facts? Are children found as incapable of understanding these things as we generally suppose? We are led to believe that the impressions, made before many parents seem to think it possible to make any impression at all, are often the deepest ever received through life, either for, or against the cause of Christ. And when we say the parent uses his influence against religion, we do not mean merely in the form of open infidelity, or ridicule of sacred things. We mean that lukewarm, time-serving, world-fearing, temporizing spirit, which deceives no one in heaven or on earth,—not even the veriest babe in years,—but the unhappy subject of it.

Christian parent! is your profession of re-

ligion despised in the eyes of your children? When they hear the duties of the followers of Jesus pointed out, do they perceive your inconsistency? Then if you have the love of God dwelling in you—if you be not a hypocrite indeed—rouse yourself from your sloth, buckle on the harness, and go forth to battle. Do the work of the Lord, trusting in his strength, if you would not drag down to eternal death the child of your love.

We might close here, but it may be interesting, perhaps, to trace a little farther the history of some of these individuals, who have been used to illustrate the subject. And so, passing over ten years after the death of Mr. Warren, we will enter the elegant mansion of Mr. Day, and see what changes time has wrought.

It has not been Mrs. Day's lot to be brought up in affluence. During Mr. Morgan's life, every necessary comfort was furnished for his family; but after he died, a respectable support was all that was left. In consequence of this, the excellent training of Mrs. Morgan was necessarily independent of all the adventitious circumstances of wealth. But her daughter now enjoyed all the privileges which money can command, and, what is not so often

found, both she and her husband were disposed to employ it in the best way. When domestic duties prevented Mrs. Day from going out a great deal, Mrs. Morgan and Sarah were her almoners, and in this way she endeavoured to discharge the duties incumbent upon the rich. No poor seamstress was sent from her with stinted wages, nor with an invitation to call again for her pay.

But it was in the family that the chief benefit of her own training was more plainly discernible. Five little ones had been committed to her care, and faithfully did she endeavour to fulfil her trust. They were not left in infancy to hireling care. No gay circle tempted her to spend the night in mirth. With her own hand she ministered to their wants, and in health or sickness she watched over them with untiring care. She taught them the precepts of the Bible with faithful zeal. With her, the Sunday-school was not made to take the place of fire-side instruction, but reckoned as an additional privilege to be enjoyed. Mr. Day did not consider money as lost, which was spent in the purchase of books, maps or any thing which tended to the improvement of his family.

We never blame those who have hard work

to provide for the comfort of their families, if they do not purchase large libraries, but we have been utterly amazed to find the families of the opulent content without even the semblance of one. Christian men, and even men of literary habits, fail in many instances to provide suitable reading, and especially methods of religious instruction for the young of their family. While their law libraries and medical libraries show no stinted allowance, their centre-table, perhaps, contains their full amount of home literature. A few splendid copies of fancy or standard works, a pile of lady's books or gentlemen's magazines, *perhaps* a magnificent Bible, includes nearly the whole.

Possibly, you might find a dark closet, somewhere, into which is thrown some odd volume of a Commentary, a copy of Saint's Rest, a Pilgrim's Progress, or a few kindred works, which some good old grandmother or grandfather, in the ripeness and full maturity of Christian experience, has studiously devoured and thought they fed on angels' food. But now, dingy and brown with age and use, they present not the first attraction to the childish fancy, nor even excite the curiosity of the older ones. Many such an old cranny

have we seen rummaged in search of something interesting to read on Sunday afternoon, after the Sunday-school book had been skimmed over and thrown aside ; while father or mother took a nap, or conned the so-called religious newspaper.

Do not be surprised to find your son or daughter reading the light trash of the day even on the holy Sabbath. Something they will have, you may be sure, and if it is not provided for them, they will provide for themselves. You may not know it, but in some unnoticed trunk or drawer lies concealed the poison of the mind ; and while you rest in fancied security, content to have given your opinion that all such reading is unprofitable, every opportunity is improved to devour the fatal aliment.

Your child absents himself from church—you ask not, why ? But let me tell you. It is to indulge in secret a habit which is growing strong and without restraint. In the silent hours of night, fearful potions are swallowed at a draught, till the brain is wild with excitement, and the nerves shattered for life ; and well will it be if it does not lead to a dark career of frenzy and of crime. You may never know, in this life, what it was that proved the

spiritual death of that child, but God will call you to an account for neglect of faithful watching and parental instruction.

The family—God's first established government on earth—was not instituted by divine authority merely for the protection of the body. The parent is the natural guardian of the intellect and heart, and God will hold him answerable who deposes his duties to another. It is easy to plead with modesty, that we are unfit for such tremendous responsibility. But he who has not shrunk from assuming it, must abide the consequences, if he neglect to meet it.

In this, as in every other duty of life, God only requires faithfulness according to our ability, and will often bless the most feeble efforts undertaken in his fear, for the advancement of his glory. So that the laborious and unlearned peasant may be the means of as lasting a benefit to his children, as the great and mighty, the rich and learned. It is no excuse, therefore, to render, that you read with stammering tongue, and therefore do not daily read the sacred Scriptures in your family. It is no excuse that you are not gifted in prayer, and therefore cannot have the family altar, nor add your influence in the praying circle. It is no excuse that your

children are not richly dressed, and therefore cannot go to the church and Sunday-school. Still less is it any excuse that your business demands your time, and you cannot devote a portion of it to the instruction of your children, or to improving the means of increasing your own spirituality; or that you are not accustomed to instruct, and therefore you cannot teach your children or take a class in the Sunday-school. For what business is of so much importance as preparation for another world? Or who cannot afford, with a little self-denial, such aids for self-instruction that he may impart much to the youthful mind. Oh, how these excuses will vanish into nothing, at the bar of God!

But to return to Mr. Day's family. We think we have found one rich man who views these things aright. One room of his beautiful house was fitted up as the library; and here it was his delight and the consummation of happiness to his children, to gather around the table and spend an evening together. On Sabbath afternoon, they spent the time in the study of the lesson for the next Lord's day, and every map and chart and book was ransacked to add interest to the instruction. Whatever of secular history, geography or kindred subjects

could be connected with it, was reserved as the study for the week. In this way, much valuable information was elicited, and the minds of the children strengthened, curiosity gratified and knowledge gained.

In addition to this, Mr. Day often spent time alone in his room with one and another of his little lambs that he might hear them talk, and give them his counsels and his prayers. He loved it better than the coarse jest, the pointed joke or the frivolous chit-chat in which many others spent more time than he lavished upon his children. Will he not have his reward? Will not time prove the promise sure—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it."



CHAPTER XIX.

LETTERS FROM AFAR.

AMONG the many things which Mr. Day's family enjoyed very much, were the letters from missionary lands. They were not very frequent, but when received were eagerly read and often excited much interest in the minds of the children, as well as others, by the descriptions they contained of oriental manners and customs, of the religious superstitions and horrid rites of heathen worship. A double interest may be imparted to the study of the Bible, by a knowledge of the habits of the East, even at the present day. Mr. Morgan, in his letters home, always sought to impart every thing of the kind to his sister's family. More than one box of strange things—of heathen idols, of foreign productions and manufactures, he had sent home, to give a correct idea to the little folks, of the land in which he lived. To these, Mr. Day had added

some Chinese curiosities, which he had been able to obtain, together with some from Turkey and Persia, so that he had collected a little museum, to which he could often refer in the hours of instruction. The study of the Bible is the study of Asia. Without some knowledge of one, it is impossible to gain a full knowledge of the other. Though it is certainly true, that the things essential to salvation, may be understood without much aid from human learning, it is also certain that much benefit may be derived from a thorough knowledge of every portion; and in order to this, much assistance must be obtained from other sources. Hence, every thing which throws light on its chronology, its connection with veritable profane history or the meaning of its figurative language, conspires to render it more easily understood and better enjoyed.

The reverse is also true. The traveller in Asia, who understands the Scriptures well, can better appreciate its scenery, can more easily understand its customs and will enjoy the knowledge he gains in a much higher degree, than one ignorant of the historical portions of the Bible. Travellers in the East are often known to say, that among the greatest pleasures they enjoy, are the associations con-

nected with some place, derived from its sacred history, or the accidental discovery of some remarkably fulfilled prophecy, or the new light thrown upon some obscure passage of the Word of God, by a knowledge of some peculiarity of climate, soil, natural scenery or habits of the people.

O, Asia ! cradle of the race ! “Where the patriarchs rest and the bones of the prophet’s were laid,”—where the ancient covenant people of God sinned and sorrowed,—where the Saviour redeemed a guilty race and the apostles lived, laboured and died,—what other land can ever match thee in sad and sacred reminiscences ! But the saddest thought of all, is, that, having once enjoyed such privileges, it should now be so sunk in degradation, wickedness and woe.

But among those who laboured for the reformation of the benighted pagans in the East, Mr. Morgan and his associates now bore a conspicuous part. They had been long enough upon the ground to acquire familiarity with the language, and were beginning to realize a little fruit from their labour. Mrs. Lockhart—the Mary of other days—had gained a good degree of health, and laboured as ardently to promote the good of others in India as she did

before in America. She had taught a female school and gained a strong influence over many. Anna's duties though more domestic, were no less faithfully performed.

But a letter received about this time will give some idea of the incidents of missionary life, and the possibility of maintaining a home influence, even under the disadvantages of a residence among a heathen people and in a distant country. We will give some extracts from it. It was from Charles to his mother.

“DEAR MOTHER :—We hope to have an opportunity to send a letter before long, and lest we might lose the chance, if it should occur, I write now, although the letter may be delayed some time. I have sad news to communicate to you, but still I know you will not realize it as we do. Our dear friend and co-laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, Mrs. Lockhart, is no more. She died three weeks ago, and brother Lockhart is desolate indeed. Her death was very unexpected, as her health has been quite good for some time. She was sick but five days, and we did not consider her dangerously ill, till almost the very last. She died happily, and with her latest breath said she rejoiced to have been permitted to come into this field, and considered it worth laying down her life for. She was glad to have spent so many years in active efforts to teach

the gospel to the heathen. Poor Anna is quite inconsolable. We have so little English society here that we cling to each other with all the more affection. But you know we have ever lived with the injunction, "Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh," in our minds. In this climate

"Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour."

Brother Lockhart will send the particulars of her death for publication in the missionary papers, so I forbear writing any more. She sent many kind tokens of regard to you all, which you will hereafter receive.

"I felt when we buried our little Arthur that I could scarcely endure to feel much more. But my grief was even deeper to see a standard bearer fall from the little army of God among the millions here who rebel against his government. But it is doubtless all right, hard as it is for us to realize it. It may have the effect to render us more spiritual, and to induce us to do what our hands find to do, with our might, knowing that the night will soon come to us.

"Our little Ellen (now seven years old) is a great comfort to us; and I have to announce the birth of another son since I last wrote. He is now six weeks old, and seems bright and healthy. May his life be

precious in the sight of the Lord, and he be raised up to take the place of those who fall by the way."

"We are beginning to agitate the question of sending Ellen home to you. Though we shrink from the sacrifice, we know it must be made to preserve her life, and give her the opportunities of education. It is one of the greatest trials of the missionary life. The Hindoos have a proverb "Sweet is the pipe and sweet the lute, they say—they who have never heard their children's tongues in infant prattle lisp." But we who have listened to this charming music in a strange land, prize it most. But he who is not willing to forsake children even, is not worthy to be a follower of Jesus.

"There is one thing, my dear mother, that I have often wished to speak about. It is something I never used to prize as I ought, but for which I am now more and more thankful each year I live. It is for your faithful family training in our childish years. From what I have seen of the world, I can safely say, not many mothers do their duty more conscientiously than I believe you did. I have many times thanked God, upon bended knees, for Christian parents, but never with such heartfelt gratitude as since my little Ellen has become old enough to receive religious instruction. The same lessons you taught us I have repeated to her, and I have your example ever in my mind to encourage me to add line upon line, and precept upon precept.

Anna feels the importance of it, as well as myself, but it is rather because she wanted that very training, that she now feels the necessity of it, while she labours under the difficulty of being unaccustomed to it. I know that Mrs. Warren now deplors the mistake of her life, and will not think what I say unkind. But I trust we may have grace to do our duty by this one, and train her for the skies. With the maturity peculiar to an early age in this climate she already evinces a remarkable knowledge of sacred things, and to realize the attitude in which she stands to the poor, benighted children around her. She is very tender in her feelings, and her sensibilities acute. She is shocked by the barbarities perpetrated here in the name of religion. I heard her pleading a case with a woman a few days since, and saying, "the Saviour did not say we should do so, if he had, father and mother would do it." Such things will interest you, I am sure, who place so high an estimate upon early impressions.

In regard to our missionary operations we have reason to thank God and take courage. Some are giving earnest heed to the things which pertain to eternal life, but many scorn our message.

We might give other portions of this letter, but our limits forbid. Mrs. Morgan was indeed rejoiced to learn that the promises were sure even unto children's children, and sent up

many a devout petition for those who were removed far away from so many privileges.

The death of the loved Miss Kingsbury produced a deep effect upon many in S——. She was remembered with much tenderness by those who had been the subjects of her particular religious efforts. Even some who still lived in forgetfulness of the duties she inculcated, could not resist an hour of solemn reflection, when her faithful labours for their good were recalled. The thought that her prayers for them were ended on earth, sent a thrill of grief and sorrow to many a heart.

Such labours are long remembered. Often after the seed is sown and we are weary of waiting for the fruit, that seed, though long buried, may spring up and bear a hundred fold to the glory of God!

CHAPTER XX.

THE GOLDEN BOWL BROKEN.

FOR many years after the death of Mr. Warren no great change occurred in the state of things at S——. William Warren, at his father's decease, continued the same business. The impression made by Lee's misconduct and the suffering it caused in the family, was never forgotten. His mother earnestly sought to repair the error of early years. He seemed to appreciate her efforts, but could not be induced to number himself among the people of God. He was a moral and upright young man, a good citizen and kind son, but yet lacked one thing,—“the one thing needful.” He married an amiable wife, and Mrs. Warren remained with them. The last sad years of her pilgrimage here, are beguiled by the kindest attentions of one dutiful son, and the epistles, full of love, from one devoted daughter. Many are the prayers she

still offers for her dear son, and her faith is yet strong that they will be answered in due time. Many are the tears she weeps over the unfaithfulness of other years. Many are the words of advice and instruction she utters to young Christian parents. She delights to recount with gratitude the mercy of God toward her family, though another was the instrument of salvation to her daughters, and will realize the blessedness of those who save a soul from death.

Very soon after the departure of her son, Mrs. Morgan and her daughter, Sarah, removed to Mr. Day's residence. Ellen felt the need of their assistance, while Mrs. Morgan's advanced age rendered her unfit to maintain a household as formerly. Twelve years passed by and found her still acting a part on life's stage. Respected by all and beloved by her family, she sank quietly down toward her final resting-place, with every want met and every wish anticipated. Like a shock of corn fully ripe, she was prepared to be gathered into the garner of the Lord. Happy in life, she still longed for the perfect happiness which awaited her in the presence of her God. She rejoiced to hear from time to time of the success which attended her son's efforts to win souls from death. She often said, if it was the will of

Providence, she never wished to live to mourn over his early death in an unfriendly clime, and her desire was granted.

An insidious disease made rapid inroads upon a constitution enfeebled with age, and the cares and burdens of life. The lamp of life burned dimly and yet more dimly, till its flickering light only served to show that the spark of life was not extinct.

But while the feeble body was thus halting between life and death, the parting spirit spread its wings, and yet lingered a little, ere taking its upward flight. Such words of holy unction fell from her lips, that it was counted a privilege to stand as a midnight watcher beside her bed, and catch the words of Christian faith and hope which invested the dying saint with a heavenly dignity.

But of all who stood around that death-bed, with sad grief, none knew her so well, loved her so tenderly, or felt her worth so much as her own children. They had so long enjoyed her counsels and her prayers, that they seemed necessary to them.

When death lays his hand upon the infant of days, and he sleeps the sleep which knows no waking, there is something so touchingly beautiful in the sight, that while the tear dims

the eye, we still admire and love to linger and gaze. There is nothing repulsive in the marbled dimples. The sweet smile still plays upon its features. Though the light of the eye has gone out, the sleep is so gentle that we tread softly and speak low, lest the infant slumber be disturbed. But it is beautiful still!

Not so when the aged come to die; when the eye is dim for weariness of vision, when the hand is palsied from the labour of other years, when the sweet harmony of sounds is lost upon the dull ear; when life becomes a weariness and the grasshopper a burden. We often feel that it must be a privilege to such to pass away to the mansions of the blest; that, like the ripened grain, yellow for the harvest, it is best it should be gathered in. But here and there, among the aged, is one who does not outlive his usefulness; whose life is a continued blessing to those around him. Like a tree of perennial fruits and flowers, the winter never seems to come to them. It is only the stroke of the Destroyer which terminates their usefulness.

Thus did Mrs. Morgan's family regard their feeble, dying mother. No toil was too great, no care too arduous, if her life, so precious to

them, might be lengthened out. They realized that their loss would be her undoubted gain ; but her instructions were so priceless, that they dreaded the sacrifice. Her society, so like that of the angels in heaven, that they clung to her as to a heavenly visitant.

Oh ! how beautiful, thus to see and aged pilgrim, way-worn and weary and longing for heaven, lingering a moment to comfort the weeping, loving ones, who attend the dying saint to the very brink of the grave ! Like Elisha ministering unto Elijah, till the chariot of fire comes to part them asunder.

“ Oh ! the consolations of the gospel,” said the dying saint. “ In looking back upon the past, there is consolation in the hope, that even feeble endeavours to serve God have been accepted. But there is still more in the peace of forgiven sins. In looking forward to death, there is consolation in the unfailing promise of Jehovah, ‘ I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.’ In view of my dear children, there is consolation in the thought that they will be sustained by the mercy of a sympathizing Saviour in their hour of affliction. But above all, there is consolation in the Christian’s hopes for the future. Oh ! the light which gilds the pathway to the tomb, is the blessed

light of the gospel of peace! Vain is the calmness of philosophy, childish are the pretences of infidelity; but PERFECT PEACE is his whose heart is stayed on God."

Then was there grief in that death chamber, but she heeded it not. There was lamentation and sorrow and mourning on earth, but one more harp was tuned in glory, and one more of the redeemed sung the song of Moses and the Lamb, saying, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty. Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."





